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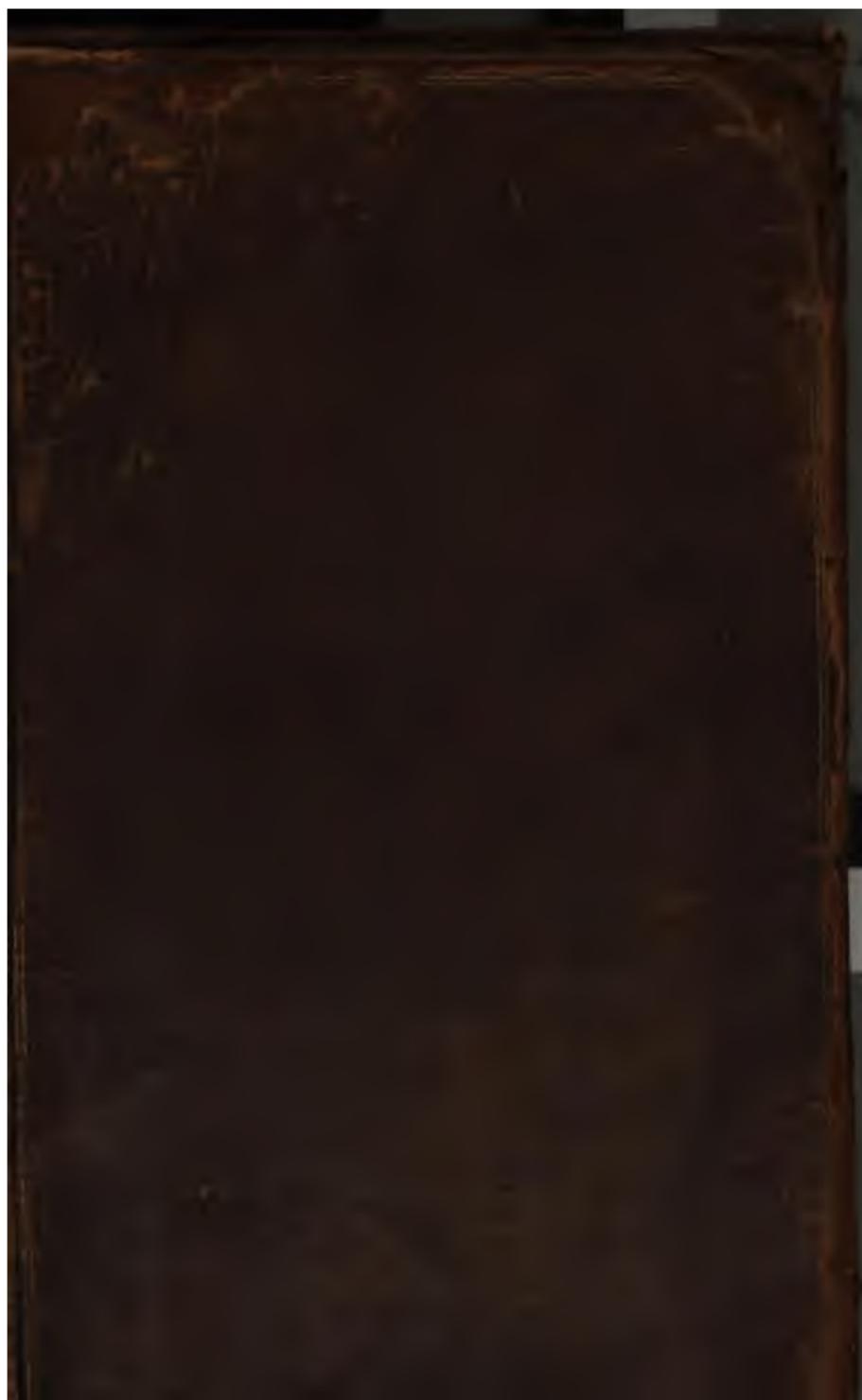
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# COLLECTION OF PSALMS and HYMNS, FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS: FOR THE USE OF SERIOUS AND DEVOUT CHRISTIANS OF EVERY DENOMINATION. --- A NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

<sup>1</sup> JOHN v. 11.

*This is the Record, that God hath given to us eternal Life, and this Life is in his Son.*

JOHN viii. 36.

*If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.*

PSALM xxix. 2.

*Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness.*

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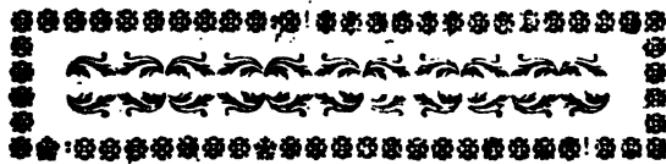
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A COL-



A

# COLLECTION O F PSALMS and HYMNS.



## H Y M N I.

### I N V I T A T I O N.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
JESUS ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love and pow'r;  
He is able,  
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Hail ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify:  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money  
Come to JESUS CHRIST and buy.

B

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
     Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
     All the fitness he requireth,  
     Is to feel your need of him:  
         This he gives you,  
     'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Agonizing in the garden,  
     Lo your Maker prostrate lies!  
     On the bloody tree, behold him!  
     Hear him cry before he dies,  
         "It is finish'd."  
     Sinner, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! th' incarnate GOD ascended,  
     Pleads the merit of his blood.  
     Venture on him, venture freely,  
     Let no other trust intrude:  
         None but JESUS  
     Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels join'd in concert  
     Sing the praises of the Lamb,  
     While the blissful seats of heaven  
     Sweetly echo with his Name.  
         Hallelujah!  
     Sinners here may do the same.



## H Y M N 2. ANOTHER.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel-word,  
Haste to the Supper of your LORD ;  
Be wise to know your gracious day;  
All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,  
And kiss his late returning Son ;  
Ready the loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,  
Just now the stony heart to move ;  
T' apply, and witness with the blood,  
And wash, and seal you, sons of GOD.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,  
To triumph in your blest estate :  
Tuning their harps, they long to praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 Come then, ye sinners, to your LORD,  
To happiness in CHRIST restor'd,  
His proffer'd benefits embrace,  
And taste the fulness of his grace.

## H Y M N 3. ANOTHER.

- 1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,  
And ev'ry heart rejoice,  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.

2 Come, all ye hungry starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind.

4 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd  
A soul-reviving feast ;  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die ;  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join ;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Dear God ! the treasures of thy love  
Are everlasting mines ;  
Deep as our helpless miseries are,  
And boundless as our sins.

7 The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day ;  
LORD, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.



## H Y M N . 4. A N O T H E R.

- 1 COME, sinners, to the gospel-feast;  
Let ev'ry soul bē JESU's guest ;  
There needs not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 "Have me excus'd," why will you cry,  
From health, and life, and liberty ;  
From all that is in JESUS giv'n,  
From pardon, holiness and heav'n !
- 3 Come then, ye souls by sin opprest,  
Ye weary wand'rers after rest ;  
Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,  
In CHRIST an hearty welcome find.
- 4 See him set forth before your eyes ;  
Behold the bleeding sacrifice !  
His offer'd love let all embrace,  
And freely now be sav'd by grace.
- 5 Ye who believe his record true,  
Shall sup with him, and he with you ;  
Come to the feast, be sav'd from sin,  
For JESUS waits to take you in.
- 6 This is the time, no more delay ;  
This is the glorious gospel-day ;  
Come in this moment at his call,  
And live to him, who dy'd for all.

## H Y M N . 5. THE SAME.

- 1 Sinners, behold the pierced Lamb,  
For you he hung upon the stem;  
Behold him by the eye of faith,  
For life doth issue from his death.
- 2 Salvation's well wide open stands,  
And blood-streams run from feet & hand;  
The open'd side doth richly flow,  
From whence, with joy, we water draw.
- 3 Water to quench our parching thirst,  
To cleanse and make us fit for Christ  
To allay our nature's fire within,  
And purify the soul from sin.
- 4 Jesus alone true life imparts,  
And med'cine for all wounded hearts  
With balm supplies for ev'ry sore,  
And works a speedy, perfect cure.
- 5 One look to him upon the pole,  
Revives and heals the sin-stung soul,  
Relieves the weary and the faint,  
The tempted, and each mourner's woe.
- 6 Come then, thou great High-priest, and  
To us this sovereign remedy;  
That we the blessings of thy death  
May antedate below by faith.



## H Y M N 6. THE SAME.

1 YE weary wanderers draw near,  
 That know no solid peace or rest,  
 Lay by each doubt and anxious fear,  
 And lean upon your Saviour's breast:  
 All's stolen fruit that can be found  
 To cheer the soul on nature's ground.

2 Come, for the gospel bids you come:  
 Jesus for sinners bled and dy'd ;  
 The sacred word reports there's room,  
 The Lamb he woos you for his bride ;  
 Your souls shall find a resting-place  
 In th' arms of everlasting grace.

3 The day of small things don't despise ;  
 By poverty increase your store ;  
 The happy soul that's truly wise,  
 Can richer grow by being poor :  
 To melt in love, to sink in shame,  
 This be my wish, be that my flame.

4 Give me a sympathizing soul,  
 To bear thy suff'ring on my heart,  
 Thy pain and agonizing toil,  
 Nor let me from this vision part ;  
 Then shall I heartily rejoice,  
 And raise to thee my grateful voice.

5 All earthly objects now give way,  
 Nature and creature both resign ;

On thee by faith myself I'll stay,  
 And taste the pow'r of love divine ;  
 Redemption in thy blood is found,  
 My anchor's cast on sacred ground.

## H Y M N 7.

## AT THE OPENING OF WORSHIP.

- 1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,  
 Descending from above,  
 His waiting family inspire  
 With joy, and peace, and love !
- 2 Thee we the Comforter confess ;  
 Unless thou'rt present here,  
 Our songs of praise are vain address,  
 We utter heartless pray'r.
- 2 'Wake, heav'nly Wind, arise, and come,  
 Blow on the drooping field ;  
 Our spices then shall breathe perfume,  
 And fragrant incense yield.
- 4 Touch with a living coal the lip  
 That shall proclaim thy word ;  
 And bid each awful hearer keep  
 Attention to the LORD.
- 5 Hasten the restitution-day,  
 Which now corruption shrouds ;  
 New heav'ns and new earth displays  
 With JESUS in the clouds.

## H Y M N 8. ANOTHER.

1 ONCE more we come before our God,  
     Once more his blessing ask ;  
     O may not duty seem a load,  
     Nor worship prove a task !

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send  
     From heav'n in Jesu's name,  
     To make our waiting minds attend,  
     And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,  
     Each in an honest heart ;  
     Hoard up the precious treasure there,  
     And never with it part.

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose ;  
     To each thy blessing suit ;  
     And let the seed thy servant sows  
     Produce a plenteous fruit.

5 Bid the refreshing north-wind 'wake ;  
     Say to the south-wind, blow ;  
     Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake,  
     And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs,  
     The cold with warmth divine ;  
     And as the benefit is ours,  
     Be all the glory thine.

## H Y M N 9. ANOTHER.

1 COME, ye sinners, come to JESUS,  
Think upon your gracious LEAD;  
He has pity'd your condition,  
He has sent his gospel-word.  
Mercy calls you,  
Mercy flows on JESU's blood.

2 Dearest Saviour, help thy servant  
To proclaim thy wond'rous love;  
Pour thy grace upon this people,  
That thy truth they may approve;  
Bless, O bless them  
From thy shining courts above.

3 Now thy gracious word invites them  
To partake the gospel-feast;  
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them,  
Ev'ry soul be JESU's guest.  
O receive us,  
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

## H Y M N 10. ANOTHER.

1 L ORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow:  
O! do not our suit disdain,  
Shall we seek thee, L ORD, in vain?

2 L ORD, on thee our souls depend,  
In compassion now descend:  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

## H Y M N . I T.

11

- 3 In thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;  
**LORD**, we know not how to go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford ;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the time of joy return ;  
Those that are cast down, lift up ;  
Make them strong in faith and hope !
- 6 Grant that all may seek, and find  
Thee a gracious God and kind ;  
Heal the sick, the captive free ::  
Let us all rejoice in thee !

## H Y M N . II. THE SAME.

- 1 **W**E magnify thy grace, O **Lord** ;  
How plent'ously hast thou prepar'd  
A supper for thy saints !  
All things are ready, thou hast said,  
A table thou hast richly spread,  
To answer all our wants.
- 2 Now, **Lord**, allure our souls to thee ;  
O kindly bid us come and see,  
And taste how good thou art ;  
Knock with the hammer of thy word,  
Knock by thy pow'rful Spirit, **Lord** ;  
**Lord**, break into each heart !

3 Darkness and unbelief remove ;  
 Replenish all our souls with love ;  
 Cast out the power of sin :  
 Jesus, attend our feeble pray'r,  
 And for thyself our hearts prepare ;  
 Come in, dear LORD, come in.

4 Let comfort, love, and joy, and peace  
 Like rivers flow, and still increase,  
 Unto the ocean driv'n :  
 LORD, condescend to sup with me,  
 And grant I now may sup with thee,  
 And sup at last in heav'n !

3

## H Y M N 12. THE SAME.

1 COME, thou Almighty King,  
 Help us thy name to sing,  
 Help us to praise !  
 Father all-glorious,  
 O'er all victorious,  
 Come, and reign over us,  
 ANTIET OF DAYS.

2 JESUS, our LORD, arise,  
 Scatter our enemies,  
 And make them fall !  
 Let thine almighty aid  
 Our sure defence be made,  
 Our souls on thee be stay'd :  
 LORD, hear our call !

~~H Y M N 13.~~

~~13~~

~~3 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our pray'r attend !~~

~~Come ! and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success ;  
Spirit of holiness  
On us descend !~~

~~4 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear~~

~~In this glad hour !~~

~~Thou who almighty art,  
Now rule in ev'ry heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of pow'r !~~

~~5 To the great One in Three  
Eternal praises be,~~

~~Hence — evermore !~~

~~His sov'reign Majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.~~

**H Y M N 13.**

**READING OR HEARING THE  
SCRIPTURES.**

**1 O** God of wisdom, God of might,  
Great ruler in the realms of light ;  
Whose truths are hid from prudent eyes,  
But make the babe and suckling wise ;  
Help thy unknowing servants, **LORD**,  
**To hear, and understand thy word.**

2 Reveal thy scriptures to our minds,  
Here let us heav'ly treasures find  
Do thou those sacred leaves unfold,  
Let us thy richest grace behold.  
O let thy Spirit lead us forth,  
And teach us all its endless worth,

3 Direct us, lest we judge amiss,  
Lest error cloud the hidden bliss;  
Th' ingrafted word may we receive,  
And back to thee the glory give:  
O make us know, O make us hear!  
The glorious tidings measur'd there.

## H Y M N 14. UNIVERSELDNESS.

1 LONG have we sat beneath the foun  
Of thy salvation, LORD,  
But still how weak our faith is found  
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,  
Yet hear almost in vain;  
How small a portion of thy grace  
Do our false hearts retain!

3 How cold and feeble is our love!  
How negligent our fear!  
How low our hope of joys above!  
How few affections there!

4 Great God, thy sovereign aid impart  
To give thy word success,  
Write thy salvation on our heart,  
And make us bear thy grace.

5 Shew our forgetful feet the way  
 That leads to joys on high ;  
 Where knowledge grows without decay,  
 And love shall never die.

## H Y M N 15. BEFORE SPEAKING.

1 G LORY to God, who gave the word,  
 And bid the preachers cry ;  
 Who caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,  
 And brought salvation nigh.

2 LORd, ever give us of this bread,  
 And grant us ears to hear ;  
 Hearts to receive the heav'ly seed,  
 And bring forth fruit withfeat.

3 O may thy word direct our path,  
 And guide our faltering feet ;  
 Direct us in the living way,  
 And to thy mercy-seat !

4 Fountain of everlasting life,  
 Of bliss, and truth, and good ;  
 Give us (that we may never thirst)  
 To drink of Jesu's blood.

5 Fill every hungry soul, who cries,  
 From thine exhaustless store ;  
 And let no one go empty hence,  
 But taste, and pray for more.

6 Let all thy children, LORd, be fed  
 With the eternal Word ;  
 Be wise, and stronger grow thereby,  
 Increasing in the LORd.

5-

## H Y M N 16. ANOTHER.

1 WITH heart and lips unfeign'd,  
     We praise thee for thy word;  
     We bless thee for the joyful news  
     Of our redeeming LORD.

2 Like as the kindly rain  
     Returns not back to heav'n,  
     But chears, and fruitful makes the earth,  
     The end for which 'twas giv'n.:

3 So let thy present voice  
     Accomplish thy design;  
     Distil on all our thirsty souls,  
     And consecrate us thine.

4 Water thy sacred seed,  
     And give it great increase;  
     Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,  
     Hinder the fruits of peace..

5 Then tho' we weeping sow,  
     And tears our hours employ;  
     We know we shall return again,  
     And bring our sheaves with joy.

6 Our lives now hid with CHRIST,  
     With him shall soon appear;  
     And we array'd in all his light,  
     Shall meet him in the air.

## H Y M N 17.

## DESIRING THE DIVINE PRESENCE;

1 WE are a garden wall'd around,  
Chosen and made peculiar ground;  
A little spot enclos'd by grace,  
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,  
Planted by God the Father's hand;  
And all his springs in Zion flow,  
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,  
Blow on this garden of perfume;  
Spirit divine, descend and breathe  
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best splices flow abroad,  
To entertain our SAVIOUR-GOD;  
And faith and love and joy appear,  
And ev'ry grace be active here.

## H Y M N 18. INVITATION.

1 THE LORD of life and glory stands,  
Aloud he cries and spreads his hands;  
He calls ten thousand sinners round,  
And sends a voice from ev'ry wound.

2 " Attend, ye thirsty souls, draw near,  
" And satiate all your wishes here;  
" Behold, the living fountain flows,  
" In streams as various as your woes.

3 " An ample pardon here I give,  
   " And bid the sentenc'd rebel live ;  
   " Shew him my Father's smiling face,  
   " And lodge him in his dear embrāce.

4 " I purge from sin's detested stain,  
   " And make the crimson white again ;  
   " Lead to celestial joys resia'd,  
   " And lasting as the deathless mind.

5 " Must I anew my pity prove ?  
   " Witness the words of melting love,  
   " The gushing tears, the lab'ring breath,  
   " And all these scars of bleeding death."

6 O JESU; let me doubt no more,  
   But hear, and wonder, and adore ;  
   And panting seek that fountain-head,  
   Whence waters so divine proceed.

7 Still near its streams may I be found,  
   Long as I tread this earthly ground !  
   Till death shall make my last remove,  
   To dwell for ever in thy love.

THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION, John vii. 37.

1 THE SAVIOUR calls,—let ev'ry ear  
   Attend the heav'nly sound ;  
   Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,  
   Hope smiles reviving round.

## H Y M N 20.

19

- 2 For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart,  
Here streams of bounty flow,  
And life and health, and bliss impart,  
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,  
To ease your ev'ry pain,  
(Immortal fountain ! full supplies !)  
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice ;  
The gracious call obey ;  
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys,  
And can you yet delay ?
- 5 Dear SAVIOUR, draw reluctant hearts,  
To thee let sinners fly,  
And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
And drink, and never die.

## H Y M N 20. MALACHI iv. 2.

- 1 O Sun of righteousness, arise,  
With healing in thy wing :  
To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,  
Thy free salvation bring.
- 2 All clouds of pride and sin dispel  
By thine all-piercing beam ;  
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart  
With holy hope inflame.
- 3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning pow'r,  
From vile desires set free,  
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix  
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-lost child receive;  
 Saviour, thy purchase own ;  
 Blest Comforter, with peace and joy  
 Thy waiting creature crown.

H Y M N 21. PANTING AFTER GOD.

1 **T**Hou hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows ;  
 I see from far thy beauteous light,  
 Only I sigh for thy repose :  
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
 At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
 That strives with thee my heart to share ?  
 Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
 The Lord of every motion there :  
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
 When it has found repose in thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I  
 No more, but CHRIST in me may live !  
 My vile affections crucify,  
 Let not one darling lust survive :  
 In all things may I nothing see,  
 Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away  
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;  
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
 " I am thy love, thy God, thy all ! "  
 To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,  
 To taste thy love, be all my choice.

## H Y M N 22.

## A PRAYER FOR FAITH.

- 1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,  
No other help I know ;  
If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
Ah ! whither shall I go ?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure,  
Before I drew my breath ?  
What pain, what labour, to secure  
My soul from endless death !
- 3 O JESU, could I thus believe,  
I now should feel thy pow'r ;  
Now my poor soul thou would'st receive,  
Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift  
My weary, longing eyes ;  
O let me now receive that gift !  
My soul without it dies !

## H Y M N. 23. ISAIAH ix. 2.

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death,  
Come ! and by thy love's revealing,  
Dissipate the clouds beneath :  
The new heav'n and earth's Creator,  
In our deepest darkness rise !  
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,  
*Pouring eye-sight on our eyes !*

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,  
     Life and joy thy beams impart ;  
     Chasing all our fears, and clearing  
         Ev'ry poor benighted heart ;  
     Confer, and manifest the favour  
         God hath for our ransom'd race ;  
     Come, thou universal Saviour,  
         Come, and bring thy gospel-grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,  
     O thou mild pacific Prince !  
     Give the knowledge of salvation,  
         Give the pardon of our sins !  
     By thine all-restoring merit,  
         Ev'ry burden'd soul release ;  
     Ev'ry weary, wand'ring spirit  
         Guide into thy perfect peace.

X H Y M N 24. ZECHARIAH xiii. 1.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is !  
     Our sin how deep it stains !  
     And Satan binds our captive souls  
         Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace  
     Sounds from God's sacred word ;  
     Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,  
         And trust upon the LORD.

3 O may we hear th' Almighty call,  
     And run to this relief ;  
     We wou'd believe thy promise, LORD ;  
         O help our unbelief !

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,  
Teach us, O LORD! to fly:  
There may we wash our spotted souls,  
From crimes of deepest dye!

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King!  
Our reigning sins subdue;  
Drive the old dragon from his seat,  
And form our souls anew.

6 Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms!  
On thy kind arm we fall;  
Be thou our strength and righteousness,  
Our Jesus and our all,

## H Y M N 25. Is A. xl. 29.

1 SON of God, thy blessing grant;  
Still supply my ev'ry want;  
Tree of life! thine influence shed,  
With thy sap my spirit feed.

2 Tend'rest branch, alas! am I;  
Wither without thee, and die;  
Weak as helpless infancy,  
O confirm my soul in thee!

3 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall;  
Send the strength for which I call!  
Weaker than a bruised reed,  
Help I ev'ry moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;  
Love me, save me to the end!  
Give me the continuing grace,  
Take the everlasting praise!

## H Y M N 26. MIRACLES APPLIED.

1 O LORD ! to whom for help I call,  
     Thy miracles repeat  
     With pitying eye behold me fall  
     A leper at thy feet.

2 Lothesome, and foul, and self-abhor'd,  
     I sink beneath my sin ;  
     But, if thou wilt, a gracious word  
     Of thine can make me clean.

3 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands ;  
     Open, O LORD ! mine ear ;  
     Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,  
     And lift them up in pray'r.

4 Silent, (alas ! thou know'st how long !)  
     My voice I cannot raise ;  
     But O ! when thou shalt loose my tongue,  
     The dumb shall sing thy praise.

5 Lame, at the pool I still am found,  
     Give, and my strength employ ;  
     Light as an hart I then shall bound,  
     The lame shall leap for joy.

6 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,  
     And dark I am within ;  
     The love of God I cannot see,  
     Nor sinfulness of sin.

7 But thou, they say, art passing by,  
O let me find thee near!

“ JESUS, in mercy hear my cry,  
“ Thou Son of DAVID, hear !”

8 Long have I waited in the way,  
For thee, the heav'ly Light ;  
Command me to be brought, and say,  
“ Sinner, receive thy sight.”

## H Y M N 27. THE SAME.

1 JESU, REDEEMER, SAVIOUR, LORD,  
The weary sinner's friend ;  
Come to my help, pronounce the word,  
Bid my corruptions end.

2 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,  
Thou canst victorious prove ;  
For everlasting strength is thine,  
And everlasting love.

3 Thy pow'rful Spirit can subdue  
Unconquerable sin ;  
Cleanse my foul heart, and make it new,  
And write thy law within.

4 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,  
Yet let me hear thy call ;  
My soul in confidence shall rise,  
Shall rise, and break thro' all.

5 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice,  
     The blind his sight receive,  
     The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,  
     The heart of stone believe.

6 The *A*ethiop then shall change his skin,  
     The dead shall feel thy pow'r ;  
     The loathsome leper shall be clean,  
     And I shall sin abhor.

## H Y M N 28.

## SPIRITUAL BARRENNESS.

1 Most righteous God, my doom I bear  
     My load of guilt, my pain and care  
     Inslav'd to base desires ;  
     Hard toiling for imbitter'd bread,  
     I mourn my barren soul o'erspread  
     With cursed thorns and briers.

2 Death's sentence in myself receive,  
     And dust to dust already cleave,  
     Exil'd from Paradise ;  
     Hast'ning to hellish misery,  
     Jesus, if unredeem'd by thee,  
     My soul for ever dies !

3 But Jesus hath my sentence borne,  
     He did in my affliction mourn,  
     A man of sorrows made ;  
     A servant and a curse for me,  
     He bore the utmost penalty,  
     He suffer'd in my stead.

## H Y M N 29.

27

- 4 I see him sweat great drops of blood,  
I see him faint beneath my load !  
The thorns his temples tear:  
He bows his bleeding head and dies !  
He lives ! he mounts above the skies !  
He claims my Eden there !

## H Y M N 29.

### THE EXCELLENCY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines ?  
For ever be thy name ador'd,  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast ;  
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,  
Invite the longing taste.
- 3 Here springs of consolation rise,  
To cheer the fainting mind ;  
And thirsty souls receive supplies,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 When guilt and terror, pain and grief,  
United rend the heart ;  
Here sinners meet divine relief,  
And cool the raging smart.
- 5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;  
And life, and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

6 O may these heav'ly pages be  
 My ever dear delight,  
 And still new beauties may I see,  
 And still increasing light.

7 Divine instrutor, gracious L ORD !  
 Be thou for ever near ;  
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
 And view my Saviour there.

*H Y M N 30. FOR A CLEAN HEART.*

1 O For an heart to love my God !  
 An heart from sin set free ,  
 An heart that always feels the blood  
 So freely shed for me !

2 An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
 My dear Redeemer's throne ,  
 Where only CHRIST is heard to speak,  
 Where JESUS reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
 Believing, true, and clean ;  
 Which neither life nor death can part  
 From him that dwells within.

4 An heart in every thought renew'd,  
 And fill'd with love divine :  
 Perfect and right, and pure, and good,  
 A copy, L ORD, of thine.

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,  
 And melts at human woe ;  
 Send down thy grace, O blessed Lamb !  
 That I thy love may know.

## H Y M N 31.

29

1 Thy holy nature, Lord ! impart ;  
Come quickly from above ;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new best name of love.

## H Y M N 31.

### L O N G I N G A F T E R G O D .

1 Great God ! indulge my humble claim ;  
Be thou my joy, my hope, my rest ;  
The glories that compose thy name,  
Stand all engag'd to make me blest !

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Be thou my Father, and my God !  
And make me thine by sacred ties,  
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For thee I long, to thee I look ;  
As trav'lers do in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 O may thy love inspire my tongue,  
Salvation shall be all my song ;  
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless  
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

## H Y M N 32. THE POOR SINNER.

1 GOD of my salvation, hear,  
And help me to believe ;  
Simply do I now draw near,  
Thy blessing to receive :

Full of guilt, alas ! I am,  
 But to thy wounds for refuge flee  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Nothing have I, LORD, to pay,  
 Nor can thy grace procure ;  
 Empty send me not away,  
 For I, thou know'st, am poor ;  
 Dust and ashes is my name,  
 My all is sin and misery :  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Without money, without price,  
 I come thy love to buy ;  
 From myself I turn my eyes,  
 The chief of sinners, I :  
 Take, O take me, as I am,  
 And let me lose myself in thee ;  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

## H Y M N 33. THE SAME

1 JESU, friend of sinners, hear,  
 Yet once again, I pray ;  
 From my debt of sin set clear,  
 For I have nought to pay.  
 Speak, O speak the kind release ;  
 A poor backsliding soul restore ;  
 Love me freely, seal my peace,  
 And bid me sin no more.

## H Y M N 34.

31

2 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread  
An hardness o'er my heart ;  
But if thou thy Spirit shed,  
The stony shall depart :  
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,  
And let me feel thy soft'ning pow'r ;  
Love me freely, seal my peace,  
And bid me sin no more.

3 For this only thing I pray,  
And this will I require,  
Take the pow'r of sin away,  
Take ev'ry vain desire :  
Perfect me in holiness,  
Thine image to my foul restore ;  
Love me freely, seal my peace,  
And bid me sin no more.

## H Y M N 34. To JESUS CHRIST.

- 1 JESU, JESU, King of saints,  
Known to thee are all my wants ;  
Self-convictèd, self-abhor'd,  
I approach thee, dearest LORD.
- 2 Known to thee, whose eyes are flame,  
I thy love and pity claim ;  
With an eye of love look down,  
Help, LORD, help me, very soon.
- 3 Still I feel a fleshly part,  
Much corruption in my heart ;  
Oh ! I'm very vile indeed,  
Of thy blood I sure have need.

4 Break, O break this heart of stone;  
 Form it for thy use alone ;  
 Bid each vanity depart,  
 Build thy temple in my heart.

5 This be my support in need,  
 That thou did'st so freely bleed ;  
 Hence my hopes and joys arise,  
 From thy bloody sacrifice.

6 This confirms me when I'm weak,  
 Comforts me when I am sick ;  
 Gives me courage when I faint,  
 Well supplies my ev'ry want.

7 Saviour, to my heart be near,  
 Exercise the Shepherd's care ;  
 Guard my weakness by thy grace,  
 Let me feel a constant peace.

## H Y M N 35. THE SAME

1 **G**ROUND, O ground me on the Law  
 Other Saviours I disclaim ;  
 Fix my heart on thee to stay,  
 Do it, LORD, without delay.

2 Empty is created good,  
 I want more substantial food ;  
 All is vanity beside  
 JESUS, and him crucify'd.

3 Fruitless is my search to find  
 True serenity of mind,  
 Till I have with JESUS been,  
 And his smiling face have seen.

4 In thy presence may I dwell,  
Subject to thy holy will ;  
Show'r on me thy pow'r divine,  
Mortify the man of sin.

5 While I travel here beneath,  
Thy kind influence on me breathe ;  
Reconcil'd to me appear,  
And thy righteousness bring near.

6 Grant me still in grace to grow,  
While a pilgrim here below ;  
Let me by thy Spirit move,  
And with all my heart thee love.

## H Y M N 36. ABSENCE FROM GOD.

1 O Thou, whose tender mercy hears  
Contrition's humble sigh ;  
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears  
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See ! low before thy throne of grace  
A wretched wand'rer mourn ;  
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?  
Hast thou not said, Return ?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail  
To drive me from thy feet ?  
O let not this dear refuge fail,  
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my guide, my lig  
Without one clearing ray,  
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy n  
How desolate my way!

5 O shine on this benighted heart,  
With beams of mercy shine;  
And let thy healing voice impart  
A taste of joys divine.

6 Thy presence only can bestow  
Delights which never cloy;  
Be this my solace here below,  
And my eternal joy.

## H Y M N 37. THE SAM

1 DEAR LORD, attend my pray'r,  
And all my wants relieve;  
Come to my heart, and dwell thon  
That thou in me may'st live.

2 In weakness I draw nigh  
Unto the throne of grace:  
Answer the sinner's mournful cry,  
And fill me with thy peace.

3 Thou read'st my naked breast;  
For liberty I groan;  
I sigh in thee, my LORD, to rest,  
And worship thee alone.

4 Fain would I hate my sin,  
And ponder on thy love;  
Till all be sanctify'd within,  
And my whole heart's above.

5 If trials vex my mind,  
Close to thy wounds I'll flee ;  
No refuge may I elsewhere find  
No refuge but in thee.

6 To thee I recommend  
My poor and trembling soul ;  
On thee for future grace depend,  
Who art my all in all.

## H Y M N 38.

## MEEKNESS AND HUMILITY.

1 L ORD, if thou the grace impart,  
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
I shall as my Master be,  
Rooted in humility.

2 F rom the time that thee I know,  
Nothing would I seek below ;  
Aim at nothing great or high,  
Lowly both in heart and eye.

3 Simple, teachable, and mild,  
Chang'd into a little child ;  
Pleas'd with all the L ORD provides,  
Wean'd from all the world besides.

4 Father, fix my soul on thee ;  
Ev'ry evil let me flee ;  
Nothing want beneath, above,  
Happy in thy precious love.

5 O ! that all may seek, and find  
Every good in JESUS join'd !  
Him let Israel still adore,  
Trust him, praise him evermore.

## H Y M N . 39.    P S A L M V.

1 O n thee, O God of purity,  
     I wait for hallowing grace ;  
     None without holiness shall see  
         The glories of thy face :  
     In souls unholly, and unclean,  
         Thou never canst delight ;  
     Nor shall they, while unsav'd from  
         Appear before thy sight.

2 But as for me, with humble fear,  
     I will approach thy gate ;  
     Though most unworthy to draw near  
         Or in thy courts to wait :  
     I trust in thine unbounded grace,  
         To all so freely given :  
     And worship t'ward thy holy place,  
         And lift my soul to heav'n.

3 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,  
     Nor suffer me to slide ;  
     Point out the path before my face,  
         My God, be thou my guide !  
     O may I ne'er to evil yield,  
         Defended from above,  
     And kept, and cover'd with the shie  
         Of thine almighty love.

E 37. II

H Y M N 40.

BREATHING AFTER HOLINESS.

- 1 O That the LORD wou'd guide my ways,  
To keep his statutes still !  
O that my God would give me grace,  
To know and do his will !
- 2 LORD, send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart !  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act a liar's part.
- 3 From vanity, LORD, turn mine eyes,  
Let no corrupt design,  
No covetous desires arise  
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, LORD,  
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,  
My feet too often slip ;  
I would not, LORD, forget thy way ;  
Bring back thy wand'ring sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,  
Tis a delightful road ;  
Nor let my head, my heart, or hands  
Offend against my God.

## H Y M N 41.

## P R E V E N T I N G G R A C E.

1 O F'r' haft thou, LORD, in tender love  
     Prevented my request,  
     And sent thy Spirit from above,  
         An unexpected guest.

2 Oft' when my pray'r was scarce begu  
     Thou did'st thy grace impart,  
     And make thy pard'ning mercy know  
         And seal it on my heart.

3 Why this profusion of thy grace  
     On such a worm as me?  
     Father, I ask, in fixt amaze;  
         Explain the mystery.

4 How canst thou to a sinner's cry  
     Incline thy pitying ear?  
     Thou hear'st my Advocate on high,  
         And wilt for ever hear.

## H Y M N 42. L U K E x. 39.

1 THE one thing needful, that good par  
     Which Mary chose with all her heart  
     I wou'd pursue with heart and mind,  
         And seek unwearied till I find.

2 But, O ! I'm blind and ignorant ;  
 The Spirit of the L ORD I want  
 To guide me in the narrow road,  
 That leads to happiness and Goo...

3 O L ORD my God, to thee I pray ;  
 Teach me to know, and find the way;  
 How I may have my sins forgiv'n,  
 And safe, and surely get to heav'n.

4 My mind enlighten with thy light,  
 That I may understand aright  
 The glorious gospel-mystery,  
 Which shews the way to heav'n and thee.

5 Hidden in C HRIST the treasure lies,  
 That goodly pearl of so great price ;  
 No other way but C HRIST there is  
 To endless happiness and bliss.

6 O JESUS C HRIST, my L ORD and God,  
 Who hast redeem'd me by thy blood ;  
 Unite my heart so fast to thee,  
 That we may never parted be.

## H Y M N 43. A SINNER'S PRAYER.

1 W HEN, gracious L ORD, when shall it be,  
 That I shall find my all in thee ;  
 The fulness of thy promise prove,  
 The seal of thine eternal love ?

2 Thee, only thee, I fain wou'd find,  
 And cast the world and flesh behind ;  
 An helpless soul, I come to thee,  
 With only sin and misery.

3 LORD, I am sick, my sickness care  
 I want, do thou enrich the poor :  
 Under thy mighty hand I stoop,  
 O lift the abject sinner up.

4 LORD, I am blind, be thou my sig.  
 LORD, I am weak, be thou my mij  
 An helper of the helpless be,  
 And let me find my ALL in thee.

## H Y M N . 44. THE SAME

1 O My LORD, what must I do ?  
 Only thou the way canst shew  
 Thou canst save me in this hour;  
 I have neither will nor pow'r :  
 God if over all thou art,  
 Greater than the sinful heart ;  
 Let it now on me be shewn,  
 Take away the heart of stone.

2 Take away my darling sin,  
 Make me willing to be clean ;  
 Make me willing to receive  
 What thy goodness waits to give :  
 Force me, LORD, with all to part,  
 Tear all idols from my heart ;  
 Let thy pow'r on me be shewn,  
 Take away the heart of stone.

3 JESU', mighty to renew,  
 Work in me to will and do;

Turn my nature's rapid tide,  
Stem the torrent of my pride ;  
Stop the whirlwind of my will ;  
Bid corruptions, LORD, be still :  
Now thy love almighty shew,  
Make e'en me a creature new.

4 Arms of God, thy strength put on,  
Bow the heavens, and come down ;  
All mine unbelief o'erthrow,  
Lay th' aspiring mountain low ;  
Conquer thy worst foe in me,  
Get thyself the victory ;  
Save the vilest of the race,  
Force me to be sav'd by grace.

## H Y M N 45.

## THE PRESSURE OF SIN.

1 O That my load of sin were gone !  
O that I cou'd at last submit,  
At JESU's feet to lay it down,  
To lay my soul at JESU's feet !

2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,  
The God of my salvation see !  
Weary, O LORD, thou know'st I am ;  
Yet still I cannot come to thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find ;  
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.

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## H Y M N 46.

- 4 I would, but thou must give the pow'r,  
My heart from ev'ry sin release ;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy heav'nly peace.
- 5 Come, LORd, the drooping sinner cheer  
Let not my JESus long delay ;  
Appear, in my hard heart appear,  
My GOD, my Saviour, come away !

## H Y M N 46. AN HUMBLE HOPE

2

- 1 O What shall I do my Saviour to praise  
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace  
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem  
The weakest believer that hangs upon him.
- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free  
The people that can be joyful in thee !  
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy  
face,  
And still they are talking of JESUS's grace
- 3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name  
They shall as their right thy righteousness  
claim ;  
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd  
by thy blood,  
Bold shall they appear in the presence o  
God.
- 4 For thou art their boast, their glory and  
pow'r ;  
~~And I also trust to see the glad hour,~~

My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,

The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.

5 Yes, LORD, I shall see the bliss of thine own;

Thy mercy to me shall soon be made known;

For sorrow and sadness, I joy shall receive,  
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

## H Y M N 47.

## THE VOICE OF CHRIST.

1 THE voice of my Beloved sounds  
Over the rocks and rising grounds;  
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,  
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now thro' the veil of flesh I see,  
With eyes of love he looks on me;  
Now in the Gospel's clearest glass,  
He shews the beauties of his face.

3 Gently he draws my heart along  
Both with his beauties and his tongue;  
“Rise, faith my LORD, and come away,  
“No mortal joys are worth thy stay.”

4 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee as I am;  
Nothing but sin I thee can give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.

## H Y M N 48. HUMILIATION.

1 S H E W pity, L O R D, O L O R D forgive ;  
     Let a repenting rebel live :  
     Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
     May not a sinner trust in thee ?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass  
     The pow'r and glory of thy grace ;  
     Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
     So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,  
     And make my guilty conscience clean ;  
     Here on my heart the burden lies,  
     And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
     Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
     L O R D, should thy judgment grow severe,  
     I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, L O R D,  
     Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,  
     Wou'd light on some sweet promise there,  
     Some sure support against despair.

## H Y M N 49. THE SAME.

P S A L M li.

1 O Thou that hear'ft when sinners cry,  
     Tho' all my crimes before thee lie ;  
     Behold me not with angry look,  
     But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

- 2 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;  
Thy saving grace, O LORD, restore ;  
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 3 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, LORD,  
Its help and comfort still afford ;  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 4 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy awful sentence just ;  
Look down, O LORD, with pitying eye,  
And save a soul condemn'd to die.
- 5 Then will I teach the world thy ways,  
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

## H Y M N 50. THE SAME.

- 1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,  
And born unholy, and unclean ;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath  
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.
- 3 Great God ! create my heart anew,  
And form my spirit pure and true ;  
O make me wise betimes, to spy  
*My danger and my remedy.*

4 Behold, I fall before thy face,  
My only refuge is thy grace ;  
No outward forms can make me clean,  
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone  
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone ;  
Thy blood can make me white as snow,  
No other thing can cleanse me so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
Nor flesh, nor soul hath rest or ease ;  
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And make my broken heart rejoice.

## H Y M N 51. THE SAME.

1 Lord, I would spread my sore distress  
And guilt before thine eyes ;  
Against thy laws, against thy grace,  
How high my crimes arise !

2 I from the stock of Adam came,  
Unholy, and unclean ;  
All my original is shame,  
And all my nature sin.

3 Born in a world of guilt, I drew  
Contagion with my breath ;  
And as my days advanced, I grew  
A juster prey for death.

4 Cleanse me, O LORD, and chear my soul  
     With thy forgiving love ;  
     O make my broken spirit whole,  
     And bid my sins remove.

5 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,  
     Nor drive me from thy face ;  
     Create anew my vicious heart,  
     And fill it with thy grace.

6 Then will I make thy mercy known  
     Before the sons of men ;  
     Backsliders shall address thy throne,  
     And turn to God again.

## H Y M N 52. FOR SERIOUSNESS.

1 **T**hou God of glorious majesty !  
     To thee, against myself, to thee,  
     A worm of earth I cry :  
     An half-awaken'd child of man,  
     An heir of endless bliss or pain,  
     A sinner born to die.

2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,  
     'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
     Secure —insensible !  
     A point of time, a moment's space,  
     Removes me to that heav'nly place,  
     Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert !  
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
     Eternal things impress ;  
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 And tremble on the brink of fate,  
     And 'wake to righteousness.'

4 Before me place in dread array,  
 The pomp of that tremendous day,  
     When thou with clouds shalt come  
 To judge the nations at thy bar,  
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
     To meet a joyful doom !

5 Be this my great one bus'ness here,  
 With serious industry and fear,  
     My future bliss t' ensure !  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all thy righteous will,  
     And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
 Transported from the vale, to live  
     And reign with thee above ;  
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
 And hope in full supreme delight,  
     And everlasting love.

## H Y M N 53.

## THE VOICE OF CHRIST.

1 Hark ! my soul, it is the LORD !  
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;  
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?

2 I deliver'd thee, when bound,  
 And when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;  
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care  
 Cease toward the child she bare ?  
 Yes, she may forgetful be,  
 Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,  
 Higher than the heights above,  
 Deeper than the depths beneath,  
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
 When the work of grace is done  
 Partner of my throne shalt be,  
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?

6 LORD, it is my chief complaint,  
 That my love is weak and faint ;  
 Yet I love thee, and adore,  
 O for grace to love thee more !

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## H Y M N 54.

## THE DAY OF ESPOUSALS.

1 SWEET was the hour, the minutes sweet,  
 When my Belov'd me did meet,  
 His death to evidence :  
 My heart, which wounded was before,  
 Kindly he boünd ; therein did pour  
 Love's healing quintessence.

2 Death's heritage he then laid waste,  
 And calm'd each stormy furious blast,  
 And cancel'd all my sins :  
 Placing his cross before my eyes,  
 " Look to me, and be sav'd," he cries,  
 From death thy life begins.

3 Sweet was the feast my heart enjoy'd,  
 I ate, I drank, nor was I cloy'd,  
 For more I thirsted still :  
 Here let me stay, I longing pray'd,  
 Sure this is Achor's vale, I said,  
 Or holy Tabor's hill.

4 His left hand under me was plac'd,  
 And his right hand my soul embrac'd,  
 His kindness sweet did prove :  
 Safely I sat beneath his shade,  
 Quite round my soal he overspread  
 His canopy of love.

## H Y M N 55.

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5 I sang, assur'd of Jesu's love,  
Refresh'd with manna from above,  
For flesh no more I cry'd :  
Warm'd with the sun's enliv'ning beams,  
I laid me down at Shiloh's streams,  
Content and satisfy'd.

6 Untouch'd by Satan's envious crew,  
Upon my fleece, like drops of dew,  
His free grace did descend :  
Strangers in vain attempt to tell  
The joy immense, unspeakable,  
I found in CHRIST my friend.

7 Thus freed from bondage, I did prove  
The sweets of his redeeming love,  
And bask'd in funny beams :  
In this sweet frame may I rejoice,  
Still hearken to my Saviour's voice,  
Still drink those living streams !

## H Y M N. 55. THE PETITION.

1 O Dearest L ORD, give me an heart  
Inflam'd with love to thee ;  
That thro' thy tedious toil and smart,  
My soul may happy be.

2 I want, O L ORD, from sin to flee,  
And in thy wounds to rest ;  
Bid me by faith come near to thee,  
And lean upon thy breast.

3 Still let a sense of what thou'st done,  
     In my hard heart be felt ;  
     That by the love to me thou'st shewn,  
         My inmost soul may melt.

4 O may I never, never faint,  
     Refresh'd by streams of love ;  
     Till in thy glory, as a saint,  
         I live with those above.

5 O may I now my all give up  
     To thee my dearest LORD ;  
     And wait with all thy saints to sup  
         Around the festal board.

## CHRIST PRECIOUS TO A BELIEVER.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,  
     'Tis music to my ear ;  
     Fain wou'd I sound it out so loud  
         That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
     My transport, and my trust ;  
     Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
         And gold is fordid dust.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,  
     In thee most richly meet ;  
     Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
         Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 O may thy grace still cheer my heart !  
     And shed its fragrance there !  
     The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
     The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name  
     With my last lab'ring breath ;  
     When speechleſs, clasپ thee in my arms ;  
     My joy in life and death !

## H Y M N 57.

## P R A I S E T O C H R I S T.

1 COME let us join our cheerful songs  
     With angels round the throne ;  
     Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
     But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,  
     To be exalted thus ;  
     " Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
     For he was slain for us.

3 JESUS is worthy to receive  
     Honour and pow'r divine ;  
     And blessings more than we can give,  
     Be, L ORD, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
     And air, and earth, and seas ;  
     Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
     And speak thine endless praise.

5 Let all creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him, that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

## H Y M N 58.

## C H R I S T O U R W I S D O M.

1 How heavy is the night,  
That hangs upon our eyes ;  
Till CHRIST with his reviving light,  
Upon our souls arise ?

2 Our guilty spirits dread  
To meet the wrath of heav'n,  
But in his righteousness array'd,  
We see our sins forgiv'n.

3 Unholy and impure  
Are all our thoughts and ways  
His hands infected nature cure,  
With sanctifying grace.

4 The pow'rs of hell agree  
To hold our souls, in vain ;  
He sets the sons of bondage free,  
And breaks the cursed chain.

5 L O R D , we adore thy ways,  
To bring us near to G O D ;  
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,  
And thine atoning blood.

## CHRIST'S COMPASSION TO THE TEMPTED.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High priest above ;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh.  
Pour'd out strong cries and tears ;  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What ev'ry member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoaking flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his pow'r ;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In the distressing hour.

## H Y M N 60. LOVE.

1 **HAPPY** the heart where graces reign,  
     Where love inspires the breast ;  
     Love is the brightest of the train,  
     And perfects all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,  
     And all in vain our fear ;  
     Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
     If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
     In swift obedience move ;  
     The devils know, and tremble too ;  
     But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,  
     When faith and hope shall cease ;  
     'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,  
     In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 When join'd to that harmonious throng,  
     That fills the choirs above ;  
     Then shall we tune our golden harps,  
     And ev'ry note be love.



## HYMN 61.

## LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,  
     The life of my delights ;  
     The glory of my brightest days,  
     And comfort of my nights !

2 In darkest shades if thou appear,  
     My dawning is begun !  
     Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,  
     And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine  
     With beams of sacred bliss,  
     When Jesus shews his mercy's mine,  
     And whispers, I AM HIS.

4 My soul cou'd leave this heavy clay,  
     At that transporting word ;  
     Run up with joy the shining way  
     To meet and praise my LORD.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
     I'd break thro' ev'ry foe ;  
     The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
     Shall bear me conqu'ror through.



## H Y M N 62.

## CHRIST'S LOVE UNIVERSAL.

- 1 THE Saviour's love once truly known,  
The man of sin, and self pulls down ;  
Humbles the sinner at his feet,  
And makes his wounds and passion sweet.
- 2 Bow'd down in shame we gladly own  
The work to be the Lord's alone ;  
To him our very all we owe,  
What of ourselves, or God, we know.
- 3 Our works no longer then we praise,  
Nothing extol but Jesu's grace ;  
Free and unmerited we prove  
The boundless height and depth of love.
- 4 While thus we learn the needful part,  
Shame fills, love warms the grateful heart ;  
While on his suff'ring form we muse,  
Our cares and very thoughts we lose.
- 5 We stand amaz'd, and wonder why  
The Saviour cou'd for sinners die ;  
We blush to see him in his blood ;  
Yet here we look, and drop our load.
- 6 Then, O my soul, how canst thou be  
So cold to him, who dy'd for thee !  
All blessings from the cross proceed,  
*Look there, my soul, in all thy need.*

## H Y M N 63.

P H I L . IV . 4 .

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1 Rejoice, the Lord is King,  
 Your God and King adore ;  
 Mortals give thanks, and sing,  
 And triumph evermore :  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
 Rejoice ; again I say, Rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
 The God of truth and love ;  
 When he had purg'd our stains,  
 He took his seat above :  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
 Rejoice ; again I say, Rejoice..

3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;  
 The keys of death and hell  
 Are to our Jesus giv'n :  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
 Rejoice ; again I say, Rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,  
 Till all his foes submit  
 And bow to his command,  
 And fall beneath his feet :  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
 Rejoice ; again I say, Rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,  
 Shall all our fins destroy ;  
 And ev'ry bosom swell  
 With pure seraphic joy :  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
 Rejoice ; again I say, Rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
 Jesus the Judge shall come,  
 And take his servants up  
 To their eternal home :  
 We soon shall hear th' archangēl's voice,  
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

## H Y M N 64.

## THE BELIEVER'S REQUEST.

1 Jesus, the Saviour of my soul,  
 Be thou my heart's delight ;  
 Remain the same to me alway,  
 My joy by day and night.

2 Hungry and thirsty after thee  
 May I be found each hour ;  
 Humble in heart, and happy kept,  
 By thy almighty pow'r.

3 O may I never once forget  
 What a poor worm I am ;  
 From death and hell redeem'd by blood,  
 The blood of God's dear Lamb.

4 May thy blest Spirit in my heart,  
     Sweetly diffuse abroad  
     The love of God, th' incarnate God,  
     Who bought me with his blood.

5 In holy reverence I wou'd  
     With all my heart retain  
     Th' atonement made by JESU's blood,  
     And all his wounds and pain.

6 The myst'ry of redeeming love  
     Be ever dear to me ;  
     And may the flesh and blood of CHRIST  
     My choicest dainty be.

## H Y M N . 65.

## DESIRING ASSURANCE OF GOD'S FAVOUR.

1 ETERNAL source of joys divine,  
     To thee my soul aspires :  
     O could I say, " The LORD is mine,"  
     'Tis all my soul desires.

2 Thy smile can give me real joy,  
     Unmingled, and refin'd ;  
     Substantial bliss without alloy,  
     And lasting as the mind.

3 Thy smile can gild the shades of woe,  
     Bid stormy trouble cease,  
     Spread the fair dawn of heav'n below,  
     And sweeten pain to peace.

4 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord !  
     Assure me of thy love ;  
     O speak the kind transporting word,  
     And bid my fears remove.

5 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,  
     And triumph in my God,  
     Till heav'nly rapture tunes my voice,  
     To spread thy praise abroad.

## H Y M N 66.

## THE NEW COVENANT SEALED.

1 "THE promise of my Father's love  
     " Shall stand for ever good :"  
     He said, and gave his soul to death,  
     And seal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word,  
     I set my worthless name ;  
     I seal th' engagement to my Lord,  
     And make my humble claim.

3 The light, and strength, & pard'ning grace,  
     And glory shall be mine ;  
     My life and soul, my heart and flesh,  
     And all my pow'rs are thine.

4 I call that legacy mine own,  
     Which Jesus did bequeath,  
     'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,  
     And ratify'd in death.

5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,  
Who bless'd us in his will,  
And to his testament of love  
Made his own life the seal.

## H Y M N. 67.

## CHRIST OUR ONLY REFUGE.

- 1 How blest are they, whose feet have found  
The way unto IMMANUEL's ground ;  
And steadfastly do walk therein,  
Far from the crooked paths of sin !
- 2 Their weary spirits sweetly rest  
Contentedly on Jesu's breast ;  
They so much of his mercy prove,  
As that they cannot help but love.
- 3 In peace their hearts enjoy the Lamb,  
Who once was wrapt in human frame ;  
They view within his bloody rays,  
The object of eternal praise.
- 4 His Spirit shews their sins forgiv'n,  
And seals them for the heirs of heav'n ;  
And gives them patience here to wait  
Till Jesus them to bliss translate.
- 5 He arms them for the evil day,  
And while in heart with him they stay,  
He guides them with his mighty pow'r,  
And brings them thro' the trying hour.

6 Then rest, my soul, upon thy LORD,  
Ev'n JESUS CHRIST, the living Word  
And then thy joy shall ne'er decay,  
Till it break out in endless day.

## H Y M N 68. E P H E S, ii. 1

1 O F him who did salvation bring,  
I cou'd for ever think and sing!  
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive;  
Arise, ye poor, he will relieve.

2 Eternal LORD, almighty King!  
All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ri  
Thou conquer'ft all, beneath, above,  
Devils with force, and men with love.

3 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n;  
Ask, and he turns your hell to heav'n  
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
JESU, thy balm can make it whole.

4 Guide thou, O LORD, guide thou  
course,  
And draw me on with thy sweet force  
Still make me walk, still make me ter  
Be thee my way, to God my end.

## H Y M N 69. To JESUS CHRIST

1 O Thou in whom the Gentiles trust  
Thou only holy, only just;  
O tune our souls to praise thy name,  
JESUS! unchangeable, the same!

2 If angels, whilst to thee they sing,  
Wrap up their faces in their wing;  
How shall we sinful dust draw nigh,  
Thy great and awful Majesty ?

3 Glory to thee auspicious Lamb !  
Thou holy LOR D, thou great I AM !  
With all our pow'r thy grace we bless ;  
Our joy, our peace, our righteousness !

4 Live, ever-glorious JESUS ! live,  
Worthy all blessings to receive !  
Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,  
With ev'ry pow'r beneath thy feet !

5 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for sinful man ;  
Let angels sound the sacred name,  
And ev'ry creature say AMEN.

## H Y M N . 70. THE SAME.

1 **H**AIL, thou once despised JESUS !  
Hail, thou Galilean King !  
Who didst suffer to release us,  
Who didst free salvation bring !  
Hail, thou universal Saviour,  
Who hast born our sin and shame,  
By whose merits we find favour,  
Life is given thro' thy name !

2 Pascal Lamb by God appointed,  
     All our sins were on thee laid !  
     By almighty love anointed,  
     Thou hast full atonement made ;  
     Ev'ry sin may be forgiv'n,  
     Thro' the virtue of thy blood ;  
     Open'd is the gate of heav'n,  
     Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,  
     There for ever to abide !  
     All the heav'ly hosts adore thee,  
     Seated at my Father's side :  
     There for sinners thou art pleading,  
     Spare them yet another year ;—  
     Thou for saints art interceding,  
     Till in glory they appear.

4 Worship, honour, pow'r and blessing,  
     CHRIST is worthy to receive—  
     Loudest praises without ceasing,  
     Meet it is for us to give !  
     Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
     Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,  
     Help to sing CHRIST JESU's merits,  
     Help to chaunt IMMANUEL's praise.

## H Y M N 71. THE SAME.

1 COME, let us all unite to praise  
     The Saviour of mankind,  
     Our thankful hearts in solemn lays  
     Be with our voices join'd.

2 But how shall dust his worth declare,

When angels try in vain ;

Their faces veil when they appear

Before the Son of man.

3 O LORD, we cannot silent be,

By love we are constrain'd

To offer our best thanks to thee,—

Our Saviour, and our friend !

4 Tho' feeble are our best essays,

Thy love will not despise.

Our grateful songs of humble praise,

Our well-meant sacrifice.

5 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness show,

And spread abroad thy fame ;

Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,

And bless thy sacred name !

6 Worship and honour, thanks and love,

Be to our Jesus giv'n !

By men below,—by hosts above,—

By all in earth and heav'n !

## H Y M N 72. REDEEMING LOVE.

1 Now begin the heav'ly theme,

Sing aloud in Jesus's name ;

Ye, who Jesus's kindness prove,

Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,  
Beaming in the Saviour's face ;  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears  
Banish all your guilty fears ;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas ! who long have been  
Willing slaves of death and sin ;  
Now from blifs no longer rove,  
Stop—and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all by sin opprest,  
Welcome all to JESUS CHRIST ;  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,  
His tremendous foes and ours,  
From their cursed empire drove,  
Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Hither then your music bring,  
Strike aloud each joyful string ;  
Mortals join the hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.



## LYMN 73. A PRAYER.

BE with me, LORD, where'er I go ;  
 Learn me what thou wou'dst have  
 me do ;  
 Suggest whate'er I think or say ;  
 Direct me in the narrow way.

- ¶ Prevent me, lest I harbour pride ;  
 Let I in my own strength confide ;  
 Shew me my weakness, let me see  
 I have my pow'r, my all from thee.
- ¶ Enrich me alway with thy love ;  
 My kind protector ever prove ;  
 Thy signet put upon my breast,  
 And let thy Spirit on me rest.
- ¶ Assist, and teach me how to pray ;  
 Incline my nature to obey ;  
 What thou abhor'st, that let me flee,  
 And only love what pleases thee.
- ¶ O may I never do my will,  
 But thine, and only thine fulfil ;  
 Let all my time, and all my ways,  
 Be spent and ended to thy praise.



## 15 HYMN 74 PSALM

1 YE servants of God,  
 Your master proclaim;  
 And publish abroad  
 His wonderful name:  
 The name all-victorious  
 Of Jesus extol;  
 His kingdom is glorious,  
 And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,  
 Almighty to save;  
 And still he is nigh,  
 His presence we have:  
 The great congregation  
 His triumph shall sing,  
 Ascribing salvation  
 To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God,  
 Who sits on the throne;  
 Let all cry aloud,  
 And honour the Son:  
 Our Jesus's praises  
 The angels proclaim,  
 Fall down on their faces,  
 And worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore,  
 And give him his right;  
 All glory and pow'r,  
 And wisdom and might:

All honour and blessing,  
With angels above ;  
And thanks never-ceasing,  
And infinite love.

## H Y M N 75. T H E D E U M.

1 H O W can we adore,  
Or worthily praise  
Thy goodness and pow'r,  
Thou God of all grace !  
With honour and blessing  
Before thee we fall,  
Most gladly confessing  
Thee Father of all.

2 The heav'ns and earth,  
And water and air,  
To thee owe their birth,  
Subsist by thy care ;  
While angels are singing  
Thy praises above,  
We mortals are bringing  
Our tribute of love.

3 Thou, Saviour, art one  
With God the supreme,  
His eternal Son,  
And equal with him :  
Invested with glory,  
On high dost thou sit,  
While angels adore thee,  
And bow at thy feet.

4 How great was thy love !  
     How wond'rous thy grace !  
     Thou cam'st from above  
         To save a lost race ;  
     And man to deliver,  
         Of woman was born,  
     That every believer  
         To God might return.

5 How soon will thy seat  
     Of judgment appear !  
     Prepare us to meet,  
         And welcome thee there !  
     Thy witnessing Spirit  
         In us shed abroad ;  
     And bid us inherit  
         The kingdom of God !

## H Y M N . 76.

## U N D E R T E M P T A T I O N.

JESU, lover of my soul,  
     Let me to thy bosom fly,  
     While the nearer waters roll,  
         While the tempest still is high ;  
     Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
         Till the storm of life is past ;  
     Safe into the haven guide,  
         O receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none ;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me :  
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
 All my help from thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing :

3 Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want ;  
 More than all in thee I find ;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind ;  
 Just and holy is thy name ;  
 I am all unrighteousness !  
 Vile, and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sin :  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make, and keep me pure within :  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee ;  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity !

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H Y M N 77.

CHRIST OUR GREAT MELCHISEDEC.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb !  
We love to hear of thee ;  
No music like thy charming name,  
Nor half so sweet can be !  
O may we ever hear thy voice,  
In mercy to us speak !  
And in our Priest will we rejoice,  
Thou great MELCHISEDEC.

2 Our JESUS shall be still our theme,  
While in this world we stay ;  
We'll sing our JESU's lovely name,  
When all things else decay :  
When we appear in yonder cloud,  
With all his favour'd throng ;  
Then will we sing more sweet and loud  
And CHRIST shall be our song.

H Y M N 78.

CHRIST OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

1 JESU, thy blood and righteousness,  
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,  
To claim my mansion in the skies ;  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
"Jesus hath liv'd, hath dy'd for me."

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day ;  
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?  
Fully thro' these absolv'd I am  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

4 Thus ABRAHAM the friend of God,  
Thus all the armies bought with blood,  
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim ;  
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

5 This spotless robe the same appears,  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The grace of CHRIST is ever new.

6 O let the dead now hear thy voice,  
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
JESUS THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

## THE GREATNESS AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,  
His robes are light and majesty :  
His glory shines with beams so bright,  
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe ;  
 His justice guards his holy law ;  
 His love reveals his smiling face ;  
 His truth and promise seal the grace,

3 Thro' all his works his wisdom shines,  
 And baffles Satan's deep designs ;  
 His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil  
 The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will JEHOVAH condescend  
 To be my Father and my Friend !  
 Then let my songs with Angels join ;  
 Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

## H Y M N 80.

1 O Heavenly King,  
 Look down from above ;  
 Assist us to sing  
 Thy mercy and love :  
 So sweetly o'erflowing,  
 So plenteous the store,  
 Thou still art bestowing,  
 And giving us more.

2 O God of our life,  
 We hallow thy name ;  
 Our bus'ness and strife  
 Is thee to proclaim :  
 Accept our thanksgiving  
 For creating grace ;  
 The living, the living  
 Shall shew forth thy praise.

3 Our Father and L ORD,  
 Almighty art thou ;  
 Preserv'd by thy Word,  
 We worship thee now :  
 The bountiful donor  
 Of all we enjoy ;  
 Our tongues to thine honour,  
 And lives we'll employ.

4 But O ; above all  
 Thy kindness we praise,  
 From sin and from thrall  
 Which saves a lost race ;  
 Thy Son thou hast giv'n  
 A world to redeem,  
 And bring us to heav'n,  
 Whose trust is in him.

5 Wherefore of thy love  
 We sing and rejoice,  
 With angels above  
 We lift up our voice ;  
 Thy love each believer  
 Shall gladly adore,  
 For ever and ever,  
 When time is no more.



## H Y M N 81.

## DESIRING PERSISTENCE.

- 1 **H**AIL, Alpha and Omega, hail !  
Author of all our faith,  
The finisher of all our hopes,  
The truth, the life, the path.
- 2 Hail, first and last, the morning-star,  
In whom we live and move ;  
Increase our little spark of faith,  
And purify our love.
- 3 Let that belief which Jesus taught,  
Be treasur'd in our breast ;  
The evidence of unseen joys,  
The substance of our rest.
- 4 O let us go from strength to strength,  
From grace to greater grace,  
From one degree of faith to more,  
Till we behold thy face.

## H Y M N 82.

## STRIVING TO PRAISE CHRIST.

- 1 **L**ET us the sheep by Jesus nam'd,  
Our Shepherd's mercy bless ;  
Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,  
Shew forth our thankfulness.

Not unto us, to thee alone,  
Be praise and glory giv'n ;  
Here shall thy praises be begun,  
But carry'd on in heav'n.

The hosts of spirits now with thee,  
Eternal anthems sing ;  
To imitate them here, lo ! we  
Our hallelujahs bring.

Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,  
Like theirs our songs shou'd rise ;  
Like them we never shou'd be tir'd,  
But love the sacrifice.

Till we this veil of flesh lay down,  
Accept our weaker lays ;  
And when, O LORD, we reach thy throne,  
We'll join in nobler praise.

## H Y M N 83.

## RESTING UNDER THE CROSS.

CHILDREN of Israel, see what shade  
The cross does us afford ;  
It was for weary trav'lers made ;  
We thank thee for it, LORD.

Here let us sit, and all prepare  
To sing his worthy name ;  
Who to redeem us sojourn'd here,  
Christ Jesus is his name.

3 We sing thy suff'ring, wounds and bloo  
     The virtue of thy pain :  
     We sing thy griefs, thou dying God,  
     Thou Lamb for sinners slain.

4 We hail thee, thou by Jews revil'd ;  
     To thee we bow the knee ;  
     Hail ! very God, the promis'd child,  
     The prophets sang of thee.

5 While others praise an unknown God,  
     We each will sing of thee ;  
     Jesus has wash'd me in his blood,  
     And liv'd, and dy'd for me.

## H Y M N 84.

## PRIVILEGES OF GOD'S CHILDRE

1 BLESSED are the sons of GOD,  
     They are bought with CHRIST's ow  
     blood ;  
     They are ransom'd from the grave,  
     Life eternal they shall have :  
     God did love them in his Son,  
     Long before the world begun ;  
     With them number'd may we be,  
     Here, and in eternity !

2 They the seal of this receive,  
     When on JESUS they believe ;  
     They are justify'd by grace,  
     They enjoy a solid peace :

All their sins are wash'd away,  
 They shall stand in God's great day :  
 With them number'd may we be,  
 Here, and in eternity !

3 They produce the fruits of grace,  
 In the works of righteousness ;  
 They are harmless, meek and mild,  
 Holy, humble, undefil'd :  
 They are lights upon the earth,  
 Children of an heav'nly birth :  
 With them number'd may we be,  
 Here, and in eternity !

4 Born of God, they hate all sin,  
 God's pure seed remains within ;  
 They have fellowship with God,  
 Thro' the mediator's blood :  
 One with God, with JESUS one,  
 Glory is in them begun ;  
 With them number'd may we be,  
 Here, and in eternity !

5 Tho' they suffer much on earth,  
 Strangers quite to this world's mirth ;  
 Yet they have an inward joy,  
 Pleasures that can never cloy ;  
 They alone are truly blest,  
 Heirs of God, joint-heirs with CHRIST ;  
 With them number'd may we be,  
 Here, and in eternity !

## H Y M N 85.

- 1 **O** Come, thou wounded Lamb of Gov!  
Come, wash us in thy cleansing blood;  
Give us to know thy love, then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be  
For ever clos'd to all but thee;  
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,  
That thou shou'dt man to glory bring!  
Make slaves the part'ners of thy throne,  
And give them an immortal crown !
- 4 Ah, L O R D ! enlarge our scanty thought,  
To know the wonders thou hast wrought,  
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell  
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 5 First-born of many brethren, thou ;  
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow,  
Help us to thee our all to give,  
Thine may we die, thine may we live !

## H Y M N 86.

- 1 **O** JESU, JESU, dearest L O R D ,  
How wond'rous is thy love !  
Thy patience, pity, tenderness,  
Which I each moment prove !

2 O LORD, how faithless is my heart,  
     How apt to turn aside ;  
     And wander in its own deceits,  
     Of reasoning and pride !

3 Yet, dearest Saviour, love me still,  
     The poorest, and the worst ;  
     For well I know where sin abounds,  
     Thy grace abounds the most.

4 Yet let me not thy grace abuse,  
     And sin because thou'rt good ;  
     But let thy love fill me with shame,  
     That I thy love withhold.

5 Saviour of sinners, now do this,  
     Let me not turn away  
     From thy dear cross and bleeding wounds,  
     But bind me there to stay !

6 On me, my King, exert thy pow'r,  
     Make old things pass away ;  
     Create all new, and draw me still,  
     Still nearer ev'ry day..

7 I thank and praise thee, dearest LORD,  
     For all that thou hast done :  
     O take me to thee as I am,  
     For thy redeemed one.



## H Y M N 87.

**1 D**ISCIPLES OF CHRIST,  
Ye friends of the Lamb;  
Attend, and assist  
In singing his fame :  
Eternal thanksgiving  
The faithful shou'd pay,  
The living, the living,  
As we do this day.

**2 A** BODY OF CLAY  
He humbly put on,  
And then took away  
The sin we had done ;  
And in it endured  
The wrath to us due,  
The curse we incurred,  
Our stripes and our wo.

**3** Not only he dy'd,  
But also arose ;  
Laid weakness aside,  
And trod on his foes,  
(Sin, death and the devil,)  
He triumphed o'er,  
And every evil  
Dominion and pow'r.

**4 O** MERCIFUL LAMB,  
Who sit'st on the throne,  
We bow at thy name,  
We count thee alone.

Deserving our blessing ;  
 And blessing we'll give,  
 Without ever ceasing,  
 So long as we live.

## H Y M N 88. REJOICING IN HOPE.

- 1 MY Saviour, my almighty friend,  
 When I begin to praise ;  
 Where will the growing numbers end,  
 The numbers of thy grace ?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
 Thy goodness I adore !  
 Send down thy grace, O blessed LORD,  
 That I may love thee more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
 Of the celestial road ;  
 And march with courage in thy strength,  
 To see the LORD my God.
- 4 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
 The vict'ries of my King !  
 My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,  
 Shall thy salvation sing.
- 5 My tongue shall all the day proclaim  
 My Saviour, and my God ;  
 His death hath brought my foes to shame,  
 And drown'd them in his blood.
- 6 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'r's,  
 With this delightful song  
 I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
 Nor think the season long.

## H Y M N 89.      T R U E F A I

1 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!  
   My sins are swallow'd up in thee;  
   Cover'd is my unrighteousness,  
   From condemnation I am free;  
   Whilst Jesu's blood thro' earth and sky  
   Mercy, free boundless mercy! - cri

2 With faith I plunge me in that sea;  
   Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;  
   Hither, when hell assaults, I flee:  
   'I look into my Saviour's breast.  
   Away, sad doubts and anxious fear,  
   Mercy is all that's written there.

3 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head  
   Tho' strength, and health, and friend  
   be gone;  
   Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,  
   Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn;  
   Stedfast on this my soul relies,  
   Father, thy mercy never dies!

4 Fixt on this ground wou'd I remain;  
   Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay;  
   This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
   When earth's foundations melt away  
   Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,  
   Lov'd with an everlasting love..

## H Y M N CO.

## FOR THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION.

1 Father, (if thou my Father art)  
   Send forth the Spirit of thy Son ;  
   Breathe him into my panting heart,  
   And make me know as I am known ;  
   Make me thy conscious child, that I  
   May Father, *Abba*, Father, cry !

2 O that the Comforter wou'd come,  
   Nor visit as a transient guest ;  
   But fix in me his constant home,  
   And keep possession of my breast ;  
   And make my soul his lov'd abode,  
   The temple of th' in-dwelling God !

3 Come, holy Ghost, my soul inspire,  
   Attest that I am born again ;  
   Come and baptize me, Lord, with fire,  
   Nor let thy former gifts be vain :  
   O grant the sense of sin forgiv'n,  
   O grant the earnest of my heav'n.

4 O give th' indisputable seal,  
   That ascertains the kingdom mine !  
   That pow'ful stamp I long to feel,  
   The signature of love divine :  
   O shed it in my heart abroad,  
   Fulness of love, of heav'n, of God !

## H Y M N 91.

## A P R A Y E R F O R G R A C E

1 Ah! Lord, how faithless is my heart!  
How very apt from thee to stray;  
Just like a broken bow I start,  
And nature strives to bear the sway.  
Was ever one so vile, so blest?  
So foul, yet by the Lamb caress'd!

2 Forbid, O Lord, each vain desire,  
And bind my passions to thy cross;  
Quench all the sparks of nature's fire,  
And bid me count my gain but loss.  
Lord Jesus, tear each idol down,  
And establish in my heart thy throne.

3 O let thy grace wipe off my tears,  
And speak the tempest to a calm;  
O warm my heart, and charm my soul;  
Be thou a never-failing balm.  
The maladies of sin remove,  
And fill my soul with heav'nly love.

4 Henceforth I'd serve thee, if thou'lt permit;  
To gird me with an heav'nly power,  
I'd sing the glories of thy grace,  
Till all my pilgrimage be o'er:  
With hallow'd fire inspire my tongue,  
And love shall be my endless song.

## H Y M N 92.

## CREATION AND REDEMPTION,

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise !  
 Mercy and truth are all his ways ;  
 Wonders of grace to God belong,  
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the LORD of lords renown,  
 The KING of kings with glory crown ;  
 His mercies ever shall endure,  
 When lords & kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
 And fixt the starry lights on high :  
 Wonders of grace to God belong,  
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,  
 He bids the moon direct the night :  
 His mercies ever shall endure,  
 When suns & moons shall shine no more.

5 He sent his Son with pow'r to save  
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :  
 Wonders of grace to God belong,  
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,  
 And leads us to his heav'nly seat ;  
 His mercies ever shall endure,  
 When this vain world shall be no more.

## H Y M N . 93.

## • A N H A P P Y M O M E N T .

1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,  
     Sprinkled with redeeming blood ;  
     And my weary, troubled spirit  
         Now finds rest in thee, my GOD :  
     I am safe, and I am happy,  
         Whilst in thy dear arms I lie ;  
     Sin and Satan cannot hurt me,  
         Whilst the Saviour is so nigh.

2 Now I'll sing of JESU's merit,  
     Tell the world of his dear name ;  
     That if any want his Spirit,  
         He is still the very same :  
     He that asketh, soon receiyeth,  
         He that seeks, is sure to find ;  
     Come, for whosoe'er believeth,  
         He will never cast behind.

3 Now our Advocate is pleading  
     With his Father and our GOD ;  
     Now for us he's interceding,  
         As the purchase of his blood :  
     Now methinks I hear him praying,  
         " Father, save them, I have dy'd ; "  
     And the Father, answers, saying,  
         " They are freely justify'd."

## H Y M N 94.

Throughout the Saviour's life we trace  
 Nothing but shame and deep disgrace,  
 No period else is seen ;  
 Till he a spotless victim fell,  
 Tasting in soul a painful hell,  
 Caus'd by the creatures sin.

2 On the cold ground methinks I see  
 My Jesus kneel, and pray for me ;  
 For this I him adore :  
 Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,  
 Blood-drops did force their passage out,  
 Thro' ev'ry open'd pore.

3 A pricking thorn his temples bore,  
 His back with lashes all was tore,  
 Till one the bones might see ;  
 Mocking they push'd him here and there,  
 Marking his way with blood and tear,  
 Press'd by the heavy tree.

4 Thus up the hill he painful came,  
 Round him they mock, and make their  
 game ;  
 At length his cross they rear ;  
 And can you see the mighty God  
 Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,  
 Without one thankful tear ?

5 Thus veiled in humanity,  
He dies in anguish on the tree ;  
What tongue his griefs can tell ?  
The shudd'ring rocks their heads recline,  
The mourning sun refus'd to shine,  
When the Creator fell.

6 Shout, brethren, shout in songs divine ;  
He drank the gall to give us wine  
To quench our parching thirst :  
Seraphs advance your voices higher,  
Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,  
And laud thy precious CHRIST.

## H Y M N 95.

1 O Thou tender loving JESUS,  
Now thy saving grace impart ;  
From the world and Satan save us,  
Save us from our evil heart :  
Throw thine arms in mercy open ;  
Bid, O bid us, JESUS come ;  
Let our flinty hearts be broken,  
Falling on the corner-stone.

2 Here for ever let us enter,  
Steady, tho' assail'd by sin ;  
Forward may we stoutly venture,  
Till eternal life we win :  
Banish ev'ry reas'ning scruple,  
Scatter ev'ry gath'ring cloud ;  
Our poor hearts, O JESUS, sprinkle,  
Sprinkle with thy precious blood.

When our chearing feelings ficken,  
 And a veil our souls o'erpreads ;  
 Then with grace our spirits quicken,  
 And raise up our drooping heads ;  
 When our foolish hearts would wander  
 From the source of real joy ;  
 Call us back, but not in anger,  
 Let thy fury us destroy.

Arm us from thy heav'nly storehouse,  
 Still display thy banner high ;  
 March victorious on before us,  
 Make the world and Satan fly :  
 When thy messenger arraigns us,  
 To close up our weary eyes,  
 In that needy hour sustain us,  
 Till we grasp the heav'nly prize.

## H Y M N 96.

## ADORING CHRIST.

O For a thousand tongues to sing  
 My dear Redeemer's praise !  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of his grace.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease ;  
 Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,  
     He sets the pris'ners free ;  
     His blood can make the foulest clean,  
     His blood avail'd for me.

4 He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,  
     New life the dead receive ;  
     The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
     The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,  
     Your loosen'd tongues employ ;  
     Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;  
     And leap, ye lame, for joy.

### H Y M N    97.      C O N F I D E N C E.

1 **W**ITH all my pow'rs of heart & tongue,  
     I'll praise my Maker in my song :  
     Angels shall bear the notes I raise,  
     Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord ;  
     I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;  
     Not all thy works, and names below,  
     So much thy pow'r and glory shew.

3 To God I cry'd when trouble rose ;  
     He heard me, and subdu'd my foes ;  
     He did my rising fears controul,  
     And strength diuin'd thro' all my foul.

4 Amidst a thousand snaires I stand,  
Upheld, and guarded by thy hand ;  
Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will compleat what grace begins,  
To save from sorrows, or from sins :  
The work that wisdom undertakes,  
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

## H Y M N 98.

## LIFE AND SAFETY IN CHRIST ALONE.

1 Thou only Sov'reign of my heart,  
My refuge, my almighty friend ;  
And can my soul from thee depart,  
On whom alone my hopes depend ?

2 Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,  
A wretched wand'rer, from my LORD ?  
Can this dark world of sin and wo,  
One glimpse of happiness afford ?

3 Eternal life thy words impart ;  
On these my fainting spirit lives ;  
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,  
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine ;  
While thou art near, in vain they call ;  
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,  
My dearest LORD, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers ad  
Thou art my life, my joy, my   
Depart from thee—'tis death—  
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

6 Low at thy feet my soul wou'd I  
Here safety dwells, and peace I  
Still let me live beneath thine ey  
For life, eternal life is thine.

## H Y M N 99. THE S

1 O Dear Redeemer, who alone  
Canst give me ease in pain  
Whose blood did once for sin at  
And pardon for me again.

2 I once was wholly dead in sin,  
And ignorant of thee;  
And walk'd contentedly therein,  
Nor knew thy love to me.

3 But thine all-seeing eye then vi  
And mark'd my ev'ry way,  
And still in tender love pursu'd  
Me, who from thee did stray.

4 Thy name is now thro' grace be  
More precious to my soul,  
Than sweetest smell of rich perfu  
Or Aaron's precious oil.

5 Without thy favour tho' I live,  
Life but a burden is ;  
Nought else can satisfaction give,  
Experience shews me this.

6 My faithless heart, O Saviour dear,  
Correct with gentle hand ;  
In every danger be thou near,  
Alone I cannot stand.

## H Y M N 100.

## U N I V E R S A L P R A I S E .

1 The glories of my Maker, God,  
My joyful voice shall sing,  
And call the nations to adore  
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,  
And wrought this human frame ;  
But from his own immediate breath  
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,  
And worship with our tongues ;  
We claim some kindred with the skies,  
And join th' angelic songs.

4 Let grov'ling beasts of ev'ry shape,  
And fowls of ev'ry wing,  
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,  
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour shine,  
     And wheels of nature roll ;  
     Praise him in your unwearied course  
     Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's name  
     The wide creation fills,  
     And his unbounded grandeur flies  
     Beyond the heav'nly hills.

## H Y M N IOI.

## A DIVINE RAPTURE.

1 From thee, my God, my joys shall  
     And run eternal rounds,  
     Beyond the limits of the skies,  
     And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul  
     Shall death itself outbrave,  
     Leave dull mortality behind,  
     And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,  
     In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,  
     I'll spend a long Eternity  
     In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring soul  
     Shall o'er thy beauties rove ;  
     And endless ages I'll adore  
     The glories of thy love.

Sweet Jesus, ev'ry smile of thine  
 Shall fresh endearments bring,  
 And thousand tastes of new delight,  
 From all thy graces spring.

Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul  
 Up to thy bleſſ'd abode ;  
 Fly, for my spirit longs to see  
 My SAVIOUR and my GOD.

H Y M N 102.

GOD ALL IN ALL.

- 1 MY God, my life, my love,  
     To thee, to thee, I call ;  
     I cannot live if thou remove,  
     For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can clear  
     This dungeon where I dwell ;  
     'Tis paradise when thou art here,  
     If thou depart 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,  
     How lovely, LORD, they are !  
     'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,  
     And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,  
     The angels owe their bliss ;  
     They sit around thy gracious throne,  
     And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not earth, nor all the sky,  
Can one delight afford ;  
No not one drop of real joy,  
Without thy presence, Lord.

6 Be thou the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll ;  
The circle where my passions move,  
And center of my soul.

7 To thee my spirits fly,  
With fulness of desire ;  
Yet very far from thee I lie,  
Lord Jesus, raise me higher.

## H Y M N 103.

## P R A I S E T O T H E R E D E E M E R.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one chearing beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief ;  
He saw, and (O, amazing love !)  
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste he fled ;  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

## H Y M N 104. 101

- 4 O ! for this love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break ;  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold ;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

## H Y M N 104.

### P R O T E C T I O N F R O M E N E M I E S .

- 1 A RISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,  
And triumph in thy GOD ;  
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim  
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,  
The gates of gaping hell ;  
And fix'd my standing more secure  
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love  
Beneath my soul he plac'd ;  
And on the Rock of ages set  
My slippery footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my blest abode  
Is wall'd around with grace ;  
Salvation for a bulwark stands,  
To shield the sacred place,

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spice,  
And all his legions roar ;  
Almighty mercy guards my life,  
And bounds his raging pow'r.

6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,  
And songs of praises sing ;  
Loud hallelujahs shall address  
My Saviour and my King.

## H Y M N . 105.

## G O D O U R O N L Y H A P P I N E S S !

1 MY God, my portion, and my love  
My everlasting all ;  
I've none but thee in heav'n above,  
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,  
And this inferior clod !  
There's nothing here deserves my joys,  
There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright the burning sun,  
Scatters his feeble light :  
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon ;  
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed,  
Amidst the shades I roll ;  
If my Redeemer raise my head,  
'Tis morning with my soul.

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,  
And health, and safe abode;  
We praise thy name for all these things,  
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,  
If once compar'd to thee?  
And what's my safety, or my health,  
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,  
And call'd the stars my own;  
Without thy graces, and thyself,  
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms like feas,,  
And grasp in all the shore;  
Grant me the visits of thy face,,  
And I desire no more.

## FAITH'S CLAIM.

All ye that pass by  
To JESUS draw nigh,  
To you is it nothing that JESUS shou'd die?  
Your ransom and peace,  
Your surety he is,  
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his..

2 For what you have done  
His blood must atone;  
The Father hath punish'd for you his Son;  
He answer'd for all,  
O come at his call,  
And low at his cross with astonishment:

3 For you and for me  
He pray'd on the tree;  
The pray'r is accepted, the sinner is free;  
That sinner am I,  
Who on Jesus rely,  
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

4 My pardon I claim,  
For a sinner I am,  
A sinner believing in Jesus's name  
He purchas'd the grace  
Which now I embrace,  
O Father, thou know'st he hath dyed my place.

5 His death is my plea,  
My Advocate see,  
And hear the blood speak, that answer'd for me;  
Acquitted I was,  
When he bled on the cross,  
And by losing his life he hath caused my cause.



## H Y M N . 107.

## THE WAY TO CANAAN.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment ;  
The King's highway of holiness,  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not ;  
My grief a burden long has been,  
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r,  
I sinn'd, and stumbled but the more ;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
“ Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY.”
- 5 Lo ! glad I come ; and thou blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee : as I am :  
Nothing but sin I thee can give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round  
What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, “ Behold the way to God.”

## H Y M N 108.

P R A I S E Y E T H E L O R D .

1 L O R D and G O D of heav'nly pow'rs,  
Hallelujah.  
Theirs, and O benignly ours ;  
Glorious King, let earth proclaim,  
Worms attempt to sing thy name.

2 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow ; Hall.  
Hear, the world's atonement thou ;  
Jesus, in thy name we pray,  
Take, O take our sins away.

3 Thee to laud in songs divine Hall.  
Angels and archangels join ;  
We with them our voices raise,  
Echoing thine eternal praise.

4 Holy, holy, holy L O R D ! Hall.  
Live, by heav'n and earth ador'd :  
Full of thee they ever cry,  
“ Glory be to God on high.” Hallelujah.

## H Y M N 109.

1 O J E S U S, everlasting G O D ,  
Who once for sinners shed'st thy blood  
Upon mount Calvary ;  
And finish'd their redemption's toil,  
And mad'st lost man thy happy spoil :  
All glory be to thee.

## H Y M N IIO. 107

Sain would I think upon thy pain,  
And find therein my life and gain,  
And fix my heart and mind  
Upon thy wounds and dying love ;  
Nor from the same my heart remove,  
Till all thy heav'n I find.

Content and glad I'll ever be  
To have salvation, LORD, from thee,  
E'en as a sinner poor ;  
I nothing have, I nothing am ;  
My treasure's in the bleeding Lamb,  
Both now and evermore.

The more thro' grace myself I know,  
The more content I am to bow,  
And sink beneath thy croſs :  
And live by faith upon thy blood,  
Waiting on thee for ev'ry good,  
And count my gain but loss..

## H Y M N IIO.

### CHRIST THE BELIEVER'S ALL.

AMB of God, we fall before thee,  
Humbly trusting in thy croſs ;  
hat alone be all our glory,  
All things else are dung and droſs.  
hee we own a perfect Saviour,  
Only ſource of all that's good :  
v'ry grace, and ev'ry favour  
Come to us thro' JESU's blood.

2 JESUS gives us true repen  
By his Spirit sent from I  
JESUS whispers this sweet  
“ Son, thy sins are all  
Faith he gives us to belie  
Grateful hearts his love  
Want we wisdom ? he mi  
Hearing ears, and seeir

3 JESUS gives us pure affecti  
Wills to do what he re  
Makes us follow his direc  
And what he command  
All our pray’rs, and all o  
Rightly offer’d in his i  
He that dictates them is J  
He that answers, is the

4 When we live on JESU’s  
Then we worship GOD  
Father, Son, and HOLY S  
Then we savingly unit  
This the whole conclusio  
Great or good whate’er  
GOD, or King, or Priest o  
JESUS CHRIST IS ALL



## HYMN III.

## HUMAN WEAKNESS OWNED.

1 MY LORD, how great's the favour  
   That I a sinner poor,  
   Can thro' thy blood's sweet favour  
   Approach thy mercy's door,  
   And find an open passage  
   Unto the throne of grace ;  
   There wait the welcome message,  
   That bids me GO IN PEACE ?

2 LORD, I'm an helpless creature,  
   Full of the deepest need,  
   Throughout defil'd by nature,  
   Stupid, and inly dead :  
   My strength is perfect weakness,  
   And all I have is sin ;  
   My heart is all uncleanness,  
   A den of thieves within.

3 In this forlorn condition  
   Who shall afford me aid ?  
   Where shall I find compassion,  
   But in the church's Head ?  
   Jesus, thou art all pity,  
   O take me to thine arms,  
   And exercise thy mercy,  
   To save me from all harms.

110 H Y M N 112.

4 I'll never cease repeating  
    My numberless complaints ;  
But ever be intreating  
    The glorious King of saints,,  
Till I attain the image  
    Of him I only love ;  
And pay my grateful homage  
    With all the saints above..

5 Then I, with all in glory,  
    Will thankfully relate  
Th' amazing, pleasing story,  
    Of JESU's love so great,  
In this blest contemplation.  
    I ever shall be well ;  
And prove such consolation,  
    As none below can tell.

H Y M N 112.

E X U L T I N G I N C H R I S T.

1 THE despised Nazarene,  
    Who is chief in my esteem,  
Mark'd with scourges, nails and spear,,  
    Hung an ensign in the air.

2 None among the sons of men,  
    None among the heav'nly train,  
Can with my Belov'd compare,  
    Who to me is ever dear.

nd I Gabriel's heav'ly tongue,  
shou'd ever be my song ;  
ject of my present bliss,  
bject of my future praise.

wish'd I'm beyond degree,  
hile I view him on the tree ;  
his wounds and bruises are  
my soul exceeding fair.

her lovers I despise ;  
ne is gone beyond the skies :  
rthly things are far too mean  
divert me from the Lamb.

ow, my LORd, shall I set forth,  
thy dignity and worth !  
man words cannot express  
If thy love, or half thy praise.

on thy fulness me supply  
thy grace to testify,  
my fellow-creatures prove  
at is tasted in thy love.

il and body, sink with shame,  
hile I thee, my Saviour, name ;  
il and body, LORd, set free  
the gospel-liberty.



## HYMN 113. LOVE.

1 O Love divine, how sweet thou art!  
 When shall we find our longing  
 All taken up by thee?  
 O! may we pant and thirst to prove  
 The greatness of redeeming love,  
 The love of CHRIST so free.

2 God only knows the love of God,  
 O that it now were shed abroad  
 In each poor longing heart!  
 For love I'd sigh, for love I'd pine,  
 This only portion, LORD, be mine,  
 Be mine this better part.

3 O that we cou'd for ever sit  
 With Mary, at the Master's feet,  
 Be this our happy choice!  
 Our only care, delight, and bliss,  
 Our joy, our heav'n on earth be th<sup>t</sup>  
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 Thy only love may we require,  
 Nothing on earth beneath desire,  
 Nothing in heav'n above:  
 Let earth and all its trifles go,  
 Give us, O LORD! thy love to know  
 Give us thy precious love.



## H Y M N 114.

1 J O H N iv. 16. L A T T E R P A R T.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,  
 Joy of heav'n, to earth come down !  
 Fix in us thine humble dwelling,  
 All thy faithful mercies crown :  
 Jesus ! thou art all compassion,  
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;  
 Visit us with thy salvation,  
 Enter ev'ry longing heart !

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,  
 Into ev'ry troubled breast !  
 Let us all in thee inherit.  
 Let us find thy promis'd rest :  
 Take away the love of sinning ;  
 Alpha and Omega be,  
 End of faith, as its beginning,  
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all thy life receive !  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Never more thy temples leave !  
 Thee we wou'd be always blessing,  
 Serve thee as thine hosts above ;  
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing :  
 Glory in thy precious love.

**H Y M N 115.**

4 Finish then thy new creation,  
Pure, unspotted may we be;  
Let us see thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restor'd by thee!  
Chang'd from glory into glory,  
Till in heav'n we take our place;  
Till we cast our crowns before thee  
Lost in wonder love and praise.

**H Y M N 115.**

**GOD THE ONLY REFUGE IN TROUBLE**

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,  
On thee when sorrows rise,  
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.

2 While hope revives, tho' press'd with fe  
And I can say my God,  
Beneath thy feet I spread my cares,  
And pour my woes abroad.

3 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
For thou alone canst heal;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,  
For ev'ry pain I feel.

4 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail  
I fear to call thee mine;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.

## H Y M N 116. 115

Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee,  
Thou art my only trust ?  
And still my soul wou'd cleave to thee,  
Tho' prostrate in the dust.

Haft thou not bid me seek thy face ?  
And shall I seek in vain ?  
And can the ear of sov'reign grace  
Be deaf when I complain ?

No, still the ear of sov'reign grace  
Attends the mourner's prayer ;  
O may I ever find access  
To breathe my sorrows there.

Thy mercy-seat is open still ;  
Here let my soul retreat,  
With humble hope lattehd thy will,  
And wait beneath thy feet.

## H Y M N 116.

### C H R I S T A S U R E G U I D E.

G uide me, O thou great JEHOVAH,  
Pilgrim, through this barren land ;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand :  
Bread, of heav'n, Bread of heav'n,  
Feed me till I want no more.

## 116 H Y M N 117.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing streams do flow  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of deaths, and hell's destruc'  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises, Songs of praises,  
I will ever give to thee.

## H Y M N 117.

### X HEAVENLY JOYS ON EARTH

- 1 COME ye that love the LORD,  
And let your Joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish'd from the place;  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing,  
Who never knew our GOD;  
But children of the heav'nly King  
Will speak their joys abroad.

## H Y M N 118. 119.

The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below ;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweers,  
Before we reach the heav'ly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,  
And ev'ry tear be dry ;  
Marching thro' IMMANUEL's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

## H Y M N 118.

### T H E O F F I C E S O F C H R I S T.

Join all the glorious names,  
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,  
That mortals ever knew,  
That angels ever bore :  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.

But O ! what gentle terms,  
What condescending ways,  
Doth our Redeemer use  
To teach his heav'ly grace !  
My foul, with joy and wonder see  
What forms of love he bears for thee.

118 H Y M N 119.

3 Great Prophet of our God,  
Our tongues would bless thy name !  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came :  
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,  
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

4 JESUS, our great High priest,  
Offer'd his blood, and dy'd ;  
Thou guilty sinner seek  
No sacrifice beside :  
His pow'rful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

5 Thou dear Almighty LORD !  
Our Conqu'r'or, and our King !  
Thy scepter and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace we sing :  
Thine is the pow'r ; O may we sit  
In willing bonds beneath thy feet !

H Y M N 119. THE SAME.

1 A RRAY'D in mortal flesh,  
Lo, the great Angel stands !  
And holds the promises,  
And pardons in his hands :  
Commission'd from his Father's throne,  
To make his grace to mortals known.

2 Be thou our Counsellor,  
Our Pattern, and our Guide !  
And thro' this desert land  
Still keep us near thy side !  
O let our feet ne'er run astray,  
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

3 We'd hear our Shepherd's voice,  
Whose watchful eye doth keep  
Poor wand'ring souls among  
The thousands of his sheep :  
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,  
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

4 To this dear surety's hands,  
My soul, commend thy cause ;  
He answers, and fulfils  
His Father's broken laws :  
Believing souls now free are set ;  
For CHRIST hath paid their dreadful  
debt.

5 Then let our souls arise,  
And tread the tempter down ;  
Our Captain leads us forth  
To conquest and a crown :  
March on ! nor fear to win the day,  
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.



## H Y M N 120.

1 LORD, avenge thy tempted saints  
   For thou canst supply our wai  
   Satan and a sinful heart,  
   Cause us many hours of smart :  
   We sail on a troubled sea,  
   Harras'd by the enemy,  
   Foes without, and foes within,  
   Tempting daily unto sin.

2 Satan uses all his craft,  
   On the right hand and the left ;  
   World and flesh and hell combine  
   Jesus, send thy help divine :  
   God his little remnant tries,  
   Salts with fire each sacrifice ;  
   But tho' tempests rise afresh—  
   CHRIST is in the burning bush.

3 LORD, thy dealings we admire,  
   Thou'l us save, yet as by fire,  
   Purge the dross, the gold refine,  
   Stamp the same for current coin ;  
   Jesu, we can find no rest,  
   But when leaning on thy breast ;  
   Onward then we sweetly move,  
   When we suck the breasts of love.

4 We shall surely find at length  
   Weakness perfected in strength ;  
   Tho' we're tost with doubts and fea  
   Thou wilt wipe away our tears :

## H Y M N 121. 121

LORD, bring on the joyful day,  
Make our sorrows flee away ;  
Gather all thy saints in one,  
Thee to praise around the throne.

## H Y M N 121.

### T H E S I N N E R C O N V E R T E D,

WHEN with my mind divinely prest,  
Dear Saviour, my revolving breast  
Wou'd past offences trace ;  
Trembling I make the black review,  
Let pleas'd behold, admiring too,  
The pow'r of changing grace.

His tongue, with blasphemies defil'd,  
These feet, to erring paths beguil'd,  
In heav'nly league agree ;  
Who cou'd believe such lips cou'd praise,  
I think my dark and winding ways  
Should ever lead to thee ?

These eyes, that once abus'd their sight,  
Now lift to thee their watry light,  
And weep a silent flood ;  
These hands ascend in ceaseless pray'r ;  
wash away the stains they wear,  
In pure redeeming blood !

4 These ears, that pleas'd cou'd entertain  
 The midnight oath, the lustful strain,  
 When round the festal board ;  
 Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise,  
 Avoid the throng, detest the joys,  
 And prefs to hear thy word.

5 Thus art thou serv'd in ev'ry part ;  
 And now thou dost transform my heart,  
 That drossy thing refine :  
 Now grace doth nature's strength controul,  
 And a new creature—body—soul,  
 Are, LORd, for ever thine !

## H Y M N 122. •THE SAME.

1 O FT I reflect upon thy grace,  
 With tears of thankfulness,  
 Which call'd me from my native place,  
 The world's wide wilderness.

2 My precious time I vainly spent,  
 Subject to nature's sway ;  
 My corrupt carnal will was bent  
 Its motions to obey.

3 Thick darkness overspread my mind,  
 I itumbled in the night ;  
 All my affections were inclin'd  
 To creaturely delight.

4 GOD saw me in this wretched case,  
 A slave to base desire ;  
 And by an act of special grace,  
 The brand pluck'd from the fire.

5 O may a sense of mercies past,  
 Stir up my soul to praise ;  
 And whet my appetite to taste  
 Thy larger draughts of grace.

## H Y M N 123.

## THE BELIEVER'S HOPE.

1 HE is a God of sovereign love,  
 That promis'd heav'n to me ;  
 And taught my thoughts to soar above,  
 Where happy spirits be.

2 Prepare me, LORD, for thy right hand ;  
 Then come the joyful day !  
 Come death and some celestial band,  
 To beat my soul away.

3 Then, my Beloved, take my soul !  
 Up to thy blest abode ;  
 That face to face I may behold  
 My Saviour, and my God.

4 GOD has laid up in heav'n for me  
 A crown which cannot fade ;  
 The righteous Judge at the great day  
 Shall place it on my head.

5 Nor hath the King of grace decreed  
 This prize for me alone ;  
 But all that love and long to see  
 Th' appearance of his Son.

## H Y M N 124.

P S A L M C X I X . V E R S E 158.

- 1 **A**RISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise,  
To torrents melt my streaming eyes!  
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel  
Those evils, which thou canst not heal!
- 2 See human nature funk in shame !  
See scandals pour'd on JESU's name !  
The Father wounded thro' the Son !  
The world abus'd, the soul undone !
- 3 See the short course of vain delight  
Closing in everlasting night !  
In flames, that no abatement know,  
The briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;  
My bowels yern o'er dying men ;  
And fain my pity wou'd reclaim,  
And snatch the firebrands from the flame !
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,  
And can but weep where most it loves ;  
Thine own all-saving arm employ,  
And turn those drops of grief to joy.



## H Y M N 125.

1 **A** Charge to keep I have,  
   A God to glorify ;  
**A** never-dying soul to save,  
   And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,  
   My calling to fulfil ;  
**O** may it all my pow'rs engage,  
   To do my master's will !

3 Arm me with jealous care,  
   As in thy sight to live ;  
**A**nd O ! thy servant, **LORD**, prepare  
   A good account to give !

4 Help me to watch and pray,  
   And on thyself rely ;  
**A**nd let me ne'er my trust betray,  
   Lest I for ever die.

## H Y M N 126.

## FAITH IN CHRIST OUR SACRIFICE.

1 **N**ot all the blood of beasts  
   On Jewish altars slain ;  
**Cou'd** give the guilty conscience peace,  
   Or wash away one stain.

2 But CHRIST, the heav'ly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay its hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my fin.

4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing we rejoice  
To see the curse remove,  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful vi  
And sing his bleeding love.

1 **A** WAKE and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising pow'r,  
Sing how he intercedes above,  
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our hearts  
Ascending with our tongues,  
Sing 'till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires our songs.

Sing on your heav'nly way,  
Ye ransom'd sinners sing ;  
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,  
In CHRIST th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear him say,  
" Ye blessed children come ;"  
Soon will he call you hence away,  
And take his wand'rers home.

## H Y M N 128.

E B E N - E Z E R. 1 S A M. vii. 12.

I COME, thou font of ev'ry blessing !  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace !  
Streams of mercy never-ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise :  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above ;  
Praise the mount—I'm fixt upon it,  
Mount of God's unchanging love !

2 Here I raise mine Eben-ezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come ;  
And I hope by thy good pleasure  
Safely to arrive at home.

128      H Y M N  129.

JESUS sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of GOD ;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interpos'd with precious blood.

3 O ! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
Let that grace, LORD, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee !  
Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it ;  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart, LORD, take and seal it ;  
Seal it from thy courts above !

H Y M N  129.

L O N G I N G A F T E R C H R I S T .

1 THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,  
The joy and desire of my heart ;  
For closer communion I pine,  
I long to reside where thou art :  
The pasture I languish to find,  
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,  
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,  
Are screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 AH ! shew me that happiest place,  
That place of thy peoples abode ;  
Where saints in an extasy gaze,  
And hang on a crucify'd GOD :

Thy love for a sinner declare,  
 Thy passion and death on the tree ;  
 My spirit to Calvary bear,  
 To suffer, and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,  
 There only I covet to rest ;  
 To lie at the foot of the rock,  
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast :  
 'Tis there I wou'd always abide,  
 And never a moment depart,  
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,  
 Eternally held in thine heart.

## H Y M N 130.

## C H R I S T W I T H D R A W N.

1 **O** What shall I do to retrieve  
 The love for a season bestow'd ;  
 'Tis better to die than to live  
 Exil'd from the presence of God :  
 With sorrow distracted and doubt,  
 With palpable horror opprest,  
 The city I wander about,  
 And seek my repose in his breast.

2 Ye watchmen of Israel, declare  
 If ye my Beloved have seen,  
 And point to that heav'nly fair,  
 Surpassing the children of men :

My Lover and Lord from above,  
 Who only can quiet my pain,  
 Whom only I languish to love,  
 O where shall I find him again ?

3 The joy and desire of mine eyes,  
 The end of my sorrow and woe ;  
 My hope, and my heav'nly prize,  
 My height of ambition below :  
 Once more if he shew me his face,  
 He never again shall depart,  
 Detain'd in my closest embrace,  
 Conceal'd in the depth of my heart.

## H Y M N 131.

## THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace ;  
 Rise from transitory things,  
 Tow'rds heaven, thy native place :  
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course ;  
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,  
 Both speed them to their source :

So a soul that's born of God  
 Pants to view his glorious face;  
 Upward tends to his abode,  
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
 Press onward to the prize ;  
 Soon our Saviour will return,  
 Triumphant in the skies :  
 Yet a season, and you know  
 Happy entrance will be giv'n,  
 All our sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

### H Y M N 132. ANOTHER.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'ly King,  
 As ye journey sweetly sing ;  
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in his works and ways !

2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,  
 In the way the fathers trod :  
 They are happy now, and ye  
 Soon their happiness shall sec.

3 O ye banish'd seed be glad !  
 CHRIST our Advocate is made ;  
 Us to save our flesh assumes,  
 Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock and blest,  
You on JESU's throne shall rest ;  
There your seat is now prepar'd,  
There your kingdom, and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land ;  
JESUS CHRIST, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 LORD ! obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee !

## H Y M N 133.

## FLESH AND SPIRIT.

1 **W**HAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and sin  
Attend our mortal state ?  
I hate the thoughts that work within,  
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan and die,  
While sin and Satan reign ;  
Now raise my songs of triumph high,  
For grace prevails again.

3 So darkness struggles with the light,  
Till perfect day arise ;  
Water and fire maintain the fight,  
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the flesh and Spirit strive,  
     And vex and break my peace ;  
     But I shall quit this mortal life,  
     And sin for ever cease.

## THE BEATIFIC VISION.

1 I Long to behold him array'd  
     With glory and light from above ;  
     The King in his beauty display'd,  
     His beauty of holiest love :  
     I languish, and die to be there,  
     Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode ;  
     O when shall we meet in the air,  
     And fly to the mountain of God !

2 With him I on Zion shall stand,  
     (For Jesus hath spoken the word) :  
     The breadth of IMMANUEL's land  
     Survey by the light of my Lord :  
     But when on thy bosom reclin'd,  
     Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,  
     My fulness of rapture I find,  
     My heaven of heaven's in thee !

3 How happy the people that dwell  
     Secure in the city above !  
     No pain the inhabitants feel,  
     No sickness or sorrow shall prove :

*In the 12th Ed. 1721*

4 Physician of souls, unto me  
    Forgiveness and holiness give,  
And then from the body set free,  
    And then to the city receive.

## H Y M N 135.

1 O JESU, our LORD,  
    Thy name be ador'd,  
For all the rich blessings convey'd by thy  
    word.

2 In spirit we trace  
    Thy wonders of grace.  
And chearfully join in a concert of praise.

3 The Antient of days  
    His glory displays,  
And shines on his chosen with cherishing  
    rays.

4 The trumpet of God  
    Is sounding abroad,  
The language of mercy—salvation thro'  
    blood.

5 Thrice happy are they  
    Who hear and obey,  
And share in the blessings of this gospel-  
    day.

6 The people who know  
The Saviour below,  
With burning affection to worship him  
glow.

7 Their anguish and smart,  
And sorrows depart,  
Who find his salvation inscrib'd on their  
heart.

8 This blessing be mine,  
Thro' favour divine,  
But O, my Redeemer, the glory be thine!

9 The work is of grace,  
Thine, thine be the praise ;  
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy  
ways.

## H Y M N 136.

## CRUCIFIXION TO THE WORLD.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of Christ my God ;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
     Sorrow and love flow mingling dow  
     Did e'er such love, such sorrow meet?  
     Or thorns compose so bright a crow

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
     That were a present far too small;  
     Love so amazing, so divine,  
     Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## H Y M N 137.

## FAREWEL TO THE WORLD.

1 **W**ORLD, adieu! thou real cheat,  
     Oft have thy deceitful charms  
     Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,  
     Foolish hopes, and false alarms:  
     Now I see as clear as day  
     How thy follies pass away.

2 Vain thy entertaining sights,  
     False thy promises renew'd,  
     All the pomp of thy delights  
     Does but flatter and delude:  
     Thee I quit for heav'n above,  
     Object of the noblest love.

**3 Farewel honour's empty pride,**  
**Thy own nice uncertain gust,**  
**If the least mischance betide,**  
**Lays thee lower than the dust :**  
**Worldly honours end in gall,**  
**Rise to-day—to-morrow fall.**

**4 Foolish vanity—farewel—**  
**More inconstant than the wave,**  
**Where thy soothing fancies dwell,**  
**Purest tempers they deprave :**  
**He, to whom I fly from thee,**  
**Jesus Christ shall set me free.**

**5 Let not, Lord, my wand'ring mind**  
**Follow after fleeting toys,**  
**Since in thee alone I find**  
**Solid and substantial joys :**  
**Joys that never over-past,**  
**Thro' eternity shall last.**

**6 Lord, how happy is the heart**  
**After thee while it aspires !**  
**True and faithful as thou art,**  
**Thou shalt answer its desires ;**  
**It shall see the glorious scene**  
**Of thine everlasting reign.**



## H Y M N 138.

## G R A T I T U D E.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my ~~Go~~  
     My rising soul surveys,  
     Transported with the view I'm lost  
         In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
     And all my wants redrest,  
     When in the silent womb I lay,  
         And hung upon the breast.

3 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
     Thy tender care bestow'd,  
     Before my infant-heart conceiv'd  
         From whom those comforts flow.

4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth.  
     With heedless steps I ran ;  
     Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe  
         And led me on to man.

5 When worn by sickness oft hast thou  
     With health renew'd my face ;  
     And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
         Reviv'd my soul with grace.

6 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
     Has made my cup run o'er ;  
     And in a kind and faithful friend  
         Has doubled all my store.

Mo' ev'ry period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
 And after death in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night  
 Divide thy works no more ;  
 By ever-grateful heart, O LORD,  
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Mo' all eternity to thee  
 A joyful song I'll raise ;  
 Or O ! eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.

## H Y M N 139.

WHAT shall we render unto thee,  
 Thou glorious LORD of life and  
 pow'r !

Teach us to bow the humble knee ;  
 Teach us with thankfulness t' adore ;  
 To praise thee as thy saints above,  
 To praise thee for thy wondrous love.

When like lost sheep we wander'd wide,  
 And left the watchful Shepherd's eye ;  
 When born along th' impetuous tide  
 Of this world's sin and vanity ;  
 Our Jesus from the heav'ns came down,  
 To save us by his grace alone.

3 He bore our sins upon the tree,  
     (To seek and save the lost he came) ✓  
     There was he bound to set us free,  
         From death and everlasting shame:  
     The captive flock from hell was freed,  
         And ransom'd when their Shepherd bled.

4 Before the Father's awful throne,  
     Our merciful High priest he stands,  
     And interceding for his own,  
         The purchas'd remnant now demands;  
     His people's everlasting friend,  
         Who loving, loves them to the end.

5 May we, his banish'd ones, rejoice,  
     Him for our LORD and GOD to own;  
     To take him as our only choice,  
         And cleave to him in love alone;  
     Be growing up in holiness,  
         Then meet him in the realms of bliss,

## H Y M N 140.

1 **A** Thousand foes prepare to war  
     Against a feeble saint ;  
     JESUS, in my behalf appear,  
         And cheer me, lest I faint.

2 Give me an heart divorc'd from sin,  
     Shut up from worldly care ;  
     Constant, sincere, and fervent in  
         The exercise of pray'r.

Watchful in ev'ry work and word,  
 Ready to speak thy praise ;  
 Arm'd with thy Spirit's two-edg'd sword,  
 And cloth'd with ev'ry grace.

Fill'd with a godly filial fear,  
 A constant jealous care ;  
*Left I from the right path should err;*  
 Or fall into a snare.

To ev'ry earthly object dead ;  
 Alive to things above ;  
 Conform'd unto my living Head,  
 And fill'd with burning love.

Let furious heats no more molest,  
 Nor passions chafe my mind ;  
*Quench all ill tempers in my breast,*  
 And make meek and kind.

Grant me a serious, sober mind,  
 From levity set free ;  
 That I may shew to all mankind  
 Thine image, LORD, in me.

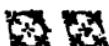
Assume in me thy dwelling-place,  
 Thy temple, and thy throne ;  
 Then stubborn self shall bend to grace,  
 And Antichrist fall down.



## H Y M N 141.

## ADORING CHRIST.

- 1 BRETHREN, let us join to bless  
JESUS CHRIST, our joy and pe  
Let our praise to him be giv'n,  
High at God's right hand in heav'
- 2 Master, see ! to thee we bow,  
Thou art LORD, and only thou ;  
Thou the blessed virgin's seed,  
Glory of thy church, and Head.
- 3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,  
Thee we praise our Priest and Ki.  
Worthy is thy name of praise,  
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 4 Thou hast the glad tidings broug.  
Of salvation by thee wrought ;  
Wrought for all thy church ! and  
Worship in their company.
- 5 We thy little flock adore  
Thee the LORD, for evermore !  
Ever with us shew thy love,  
Till we join with those above !



## H Y M N 142

## TO THE HOLY GHOST.

**S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay ;  
 Tho' I have done thee such despite ;  
**D**ost not a sinner quite away,  
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.

**F**ho' I have most unfaithful been,  
 Of all, who e'er thy grace receiv'd ;  
**E**n thousand times thy goodness seen,  
 Ten thousand times thy goodness  
 griev'd.

**B**ut O ! the chief of sinners spare,  
 In honour of my great High priest ;  
**N**or in thy righteous anger swear  
 T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

**I**f yet thou canst my sins forgive,  
 E'en now, O LORD, relieve my woes ;  
**I**nto thy rest of love receive,  
 And bles me with a calm repose.

**E**'en now my weary soul release,  
 And raise me by thy gracious hand ;  
**G**uide me into thy perfect peace,  
 And bring me to the promis'd land.



## H Y M N 143.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S EXPECTATI

1 God of all consolation, take  
     The glory of thy grace ;  
     Thy gifts to thee we render back  
     In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Not unto us, but thee, O Lord,  
     Glory to thee be giv'n,  
     For ev'ry gracious thought and w<sup>e</sup>  
     That brought us nearer heav'n.

3 Our souls are in his mighty hand,  
     And he will keep them still ;  
     And you and I shall surely stand  
     With him on Zion's hill.

4 His eye to eye we there shall see,  
     Our face, like his, shall shine;  
     O what a glorious company,  
     When saints and angels join !

5 O what a joyful meeting there,  
     In robes of white array'd ;  
     Palms in our hands we all shall bear  
     And crowns upon our head !

6 Then let us earnestly contend,  
     And fight our passage thro' ;  
     Bear in our faithful mind the end,  
     And keep the prize in view.

7 Then let us hasten to the day,  
 When all shall be brought home ;  
 Come, O Redeemer, come away,  
 LORD JESU, quickly come !

## H Y M N 144. ADORING JESUS.

1 O Come let us join,  
 Together combine,  
 To praise our dear Saviour, our Master  
 divine.

2 Him let us adore,  
 Who cover'd with gore;  
 Late hang'd on Calvary, both wounded  
 and poor.

3 He worthy is blest  
 By spirits at rest,  
 Who once in this desert his Godhead con-  
 fess'd.

4 The prophets who told  
 His suff'rings of old,  
 Sing now sweet thanksgivings on psalt'ries  
 of gold.

5 The fathers to whom  
 He shew'd he would come,  
 Now in his pavilion take up their long  
 home.

146 H Y M N 145.

6 The Righteous of men,  
Who for him were slain,  
From Abel the Righteous, share now  
Right

7 The spotless who stood,  
Redding to blood  
For Jesus's gospel, rejoice in their

8 O church of the Lamb  
Here meet, do the same,  
With saints and with angels bless J  
name.

9 My soul bear a part,  
For ransom'd thou art  
By Jesu's blood-shedding, his buri  
fimart.

10 To him that was slain,  
The scorn'd Nazarene,  
Be glory and honour; let all say Am

H Y M N 145.

1 O Thou holy Lamb divine,  
How canst thou and sinners jo  
God of spotless purity,  
How shall man concur with thec?

2 Offer up one sacrifice  
Acceptable to the skies ;  
What shall we wretched sinners bring  
Pleasing to the glorious King ?

3 Only sin we call our own,  
But thou art the darling Son ;  
Thine it is our God t' appease,  
Him thou dost for ever please.

4 We on thee alone depend,  
With thy sacrifice ascend,  
Render what thy grace hath giv'n,  
Lift our souls with thee to heav'n.

## H Y M N 146.

## GOD GLORIOUS AND SINNERS SAVED.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !  
How high thy wonders rise !  
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousand thro' the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r ;  
Their motions speak thy skill ;  
And on the wings of ev'ry hour  
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy great design  
To save rebellious worms ;  
Where vengeance and compassion join  
In their divinest forms ;

4 Here the whole Deity is known,  
     Nor dares a creature guess  
     Which of the glories brightest shone,  
     The justice, or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb  
     Adorn the heav'ly plains,  
     Bright seraphs learn IMMANUEL's name,  
     And try their choicest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part  
     In that immortal song ;  
     Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
     And love command my tongue.

## H Y M N 147.

## T H Y W O R D I S T R U T H.

1 M Y hiding-place, my refuge, tow'rt,  
     And shield art thou, O L O R D ;  
     I firmly anchor all my hopes  
     On thy unerring word.

2 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,  
     The mighty promise shines,  
     Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze  
     Those everlasting lines.

3 The sacred word of grace is strong,  
     As that which built the skies ;  
     The voice which rolls the stars along,  
     Spoke all the promises.

4 My hiding-place, my refuge, tow'r,  
 And shield art thou, O LORD ;  
 I firmly anchor all my hopes  
 On thy unerring word.

H Y M N 148. PROV. xxviii. 14.

1 G od of all grace and majesty !  
 Supremely great and good !  
 If I have favour found with thee,  
 Thro' th' atoning blood,  
 T he guard of all thy mercies giv'n ;  
 And to my pardon join  
 A fear, lest I shou'd ever grieve  
 The gracious Spirit divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,  
 May I obedient prove,  
 Nor e'er abuse my liberty,  
 Or sin against thy love :  
 T his choicest fruit of faith bestow  
 On thy sojourner here ;  
 And let me pass my days below  
 In humbleness and fear.

3 Still may I walk as in thy sight,  
 My strict observer see ;  
 And thou by rev'rent love unite  
 My child-like heart to thee :  
 Still let me, till my days are past,  
 At Jesu's feet abide :  
 So shall he lift me up at last,  
 And seat me by his side.

## H Y M N 149. JOHN xiii.

1 JESUS, thou art my righteousness,  
     For all my sins were thine ;  
     Thy death hath bought of God my p  
         Thy life hath made him mine :  
     My dying Saviour and my God !  
         Fountain for guilt and sin !  
     Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
         And cleanse, and keep me clean.

2 Wash me, and make me thus thine o  
     Wash me and mine thou art ;  
     Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
         My hands, my head, and heart !  
     Th' atonement of thy blood apply,  
         Till faith to sight improve ;  
     Till hope in full enjoyment die,  
         And all my soul be love !

## H Y M N 150. INCONSTAN

1 L ORD JESU, when, when shall it b  
     That I no more shall break with t  
     When will this war of passion cease  
         And my free soul enjoy thy peace ?

2 Here I repent, and sin again ;  
     Now I revive, and now am slain ;  
     Slain by the same unhappy dart,  
         Which O ! too often wounds my h



## H Y M N 151. 151

3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be,  
A garden seal'd to all but thee?  
No more expos'd, no more undone,  
But live and grow to thee alone?

4 Guide thou, O LORD, guide thou my  
course,  
And draw me on with thy sweet force;  
Still make me walk, still make me tend,  
By thee, my way, to GOD my end.

## H Y M N 151. To JESUS CHRIST.

1 **H**OLY LAMB, who thee receive,  
Who in thee begin to live;  
**D**ay and night they cry to thee,  
"As thou art, so let us be."

2 **F**ix, O fix my wav'ring mind;  
To thy cross my spirit bind;  
Earthly passions far remove;  
Perfect all our souls in love.

3 Dust and ashes tho' we be,  
Full of guilt and misery;  
Thine we are, thou Son of God:  
Take the purchase of thy blood.

4 Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,  
Love unspeakable, are thine;  
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,  
Sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n!

## H Y M N 152.

## COMPLEATNESS IN CHRIST.

- 1 **K**IND is the speech of CHRIST our LORD,  
Affection sounds in ev'ry word;  
“ Thou art my chosen one, he cries,  
“ Bound to my heart by various ties.”
- 2 Sweet is thy voice, dear LORD, to me,  
“ I will behold no spot in thee;”  
What mighty wonders love performs,  
That puts a comeliness on worms!
- 3 Defil'd and lothesome as we are,  
Thou mak'st us white, and call'st us fair!  
Adorn'st us with thy heav'nly dress,  
Thy graces, and thy righteousness.
- 4 O may my spirit daily rise  
On wings of faith above the skies;  
Till death shall make my last remove,  
To dwell for ever in thy love!

## H Y M N 153. PRESERVING GRACE.

- 1 **T**O GOD the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls  
Unblemish'd, and compleat,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne ;  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known..

5 To our redeeming God  
Almighty pow'r belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

## PLEADING THE COVENANT.

O LORD my God, whose sov'reign love  
Is still the same, nor e'er can move ;  
Look to the covenant, and see  
For once thy love was shewn to me :  
Remember, O my dearest friend,  
And love me alway to the end..

2 Be with me still, as heretofore,  
 And help me forward more and more—  
 My strong, my stubborn will incline  
 To be obedient still to thine :  
 O lead me by thy gracious hand,  
 And guide me safe to Canaan's land ~~—~~

3 I need not say, for well thou know'st,—  
 How I, without thy help, am lost ;  
 Thou know'st how apt I am to err,  
 But thou canst make me persevere :  
 Be then my light, and let me see  
 That I have yet my lot in thee.

4 O take me up above the skies,  
 Translate me to thy paradise ;  
 Then shall I rest from ev'ry woe,  
 From all the troubles here below ;  
 Grant this, my L ORD, and kindly say,  
 “ Come my Redeemed ; come away.”

## GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE.

1 L ORD, all I am is known to thee ;  
 In vain my soul would try  
 To shun thy presence, or to flee  
 The notice of thine eye .

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
 My rising and my rest,  
 My public walks, my private ways,  
 The secrets of my breast,

## H Y M N 156. 155

7 thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,  
Before they're form'd within ;  
d ere my lips pronounce the word,  
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

wondrous knowledge, deep and high,  
Where can a creature hide ?  
thin thy circling arms I lie,  
Set on ev'ry side.

et thy grace surround me still,  
nd like a bulwark prove,  
guard my soul from ev'ry ill,  
cur'd by sovereign love.

## M N 156. THANKSGIVING.

ess, O my soul, the living God ;  
Call home thy thoughts that rove  
abroad ;  
ll the pow'rs within me join,  
ork and worship so divine.

O my soul, the God of grace,  
avours claim thy highest praise ;  
should the wonders he hath wrought  
it in silence, and forgot ?

s he, my soul, that sent his Son  
e for crimes which thou hast done ;  
wns the ransom, and forgives  
ourly follies of our lives.

4 Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repair—  
 His mercy crowns our growing years—  
 He satisfies our soul with good,  
 And fills our mouth with heav'nly f—

5 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess—  
 Let the whole earth adore his grace;  
 May all our pow'rs within us join,  
 In work and worship so divine !

## H Y M N 157.

## SIGHT OF GOD AND CHRIST IN HEAVEN.

1 D<sub>E</sub>scend from heav'n, immortal Dove,  
 Stoop down and take us on thy wings,  
 And mount, and bear us far above  
 The reach of these inferior things.

2 O for a fight, a pleasing fight,  
 Of our Almighty Father's throne !  
 Their sits our Saviour crown'd with light,  
 Cloth'd in a body like our own.

3 Adoring saints around him stand,  
 And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;  
 The God shines gracious thro' the Man,  
 And sheds sweet glories on them all.

4 When shall the day, dear L<sub>O</sub>R<sub>D</sub>, appear,  
 That we shall mount to dwell above,  
 And stand and bow amongst them there,  
 And view thy face, and sing thy love ?

## Y M N 158. THE BEGGAR.

ENCOURAG'D by thy word  
 Of promise to the poor,  
 Behold a beggar, LORD,  
 Waits at thy mercy's door !  
 No hand, no heart, O LORD, but thine,  
 Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea  
 Relief from men to gain,  
 If offer'd unto thee,  
 I know thou would'ft disdain :  
 And those which move thy gracious ear,  
 Are such as men wou'd scorn to hear.

3 I have no right to say,  
 That tho' I now am poor,  
 Yet once there was a day  
 When I possessed more.  
 Thou know'ft that from my very birth,  
 I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor can I dare profess,  
 As beggars often do,  
 Tho' great is my distress,  
 My faults have been but few.  
 If thou should'ft leave my soul to starve,  
 It wou'd be what I well deserve.

5 'Twere folly to pretend  
I never beg'd before;  
Or, if thou now befriend,  
I'll trouble thee no more.  
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain  
And often I must come again.

6 Tho' crumbs are much too few  
For such a dog as I,  
No less than children's food  
My soul can satisfy.  
O ! do not frown and bid me go  
I must have ALL thou canst bestow

7 Nor can I willing be,  
Thy bounty to conceal  
From others who, like me,  
Their wants and hunger feel.  
I'll tell them of thy mercies store  
And try to send a thousand more.

8 Thy thoughts, thou only wife,  
Our thoughts and ways transee  
Far as the arched skies  
Above the earth extend.  
Such pleas as mine men wou'd ne  
But GOD receives a beggar's pray



## H Y M N. 159.

, we thy promise claim,  
We are met in thy dear name ;  
e midst do thou appear,  
fest thy presence here :  
ify us, L O R D , and bless,  
he thy Spirit, give thy peace :  
, descend, celestial Dove,  
this time a time of love.

the fruits of grace abound,  
s in thy bowels found ;  
, and love, and joy increase,  
erance, and gentleness :  
in us thy humble mind,  
at, pitiful and kind ;  
and lowly let us be,  
f goodness, full of thee.

us all in thee compleat,  
us all for glory meet ;  
t' appear before thy sight,  
ers with the saints in light :  
O call us each by name,  
e marriage of the Lamb ;  
; lean upon thy breast,  
be there our endless feast.



## H Y M N 160.

GOD OUR CREATOR AND BENEFACTOR.

1 MY Maker and my King,  
     To thee my all I owe ;  
     Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring  
     From whence my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind,  
     A thousand reasons move,  
     A thousand obligations bind  
     My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,  
     On thee alone I live ;  
     My God, thy benefits demand  
     More praise than life can give.

4 O ! what can I impart,  
     When all is thine before ?  
     Thy love demands a thankful heart,  
     The gift, alas ! how poor !

5 Shall I withhold thy due ?  
     And shall my passions rove ?  
     LORD, form this wretched heart anew,  
     And fill it with thy love.

6 O let thy grace inspire  
     My soul with strength divine,  
     Let all my pow'rs to thee aspire,  
     And all my days be thine.

## H Y M N 161. EPHES. ii. 5.

1 **G**RACE ! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear !  
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a way  
To save rebellious man ;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet  
To tread the heav'nly road ;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Thro' everlasting days ;  
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone ;  
And well deserves the praise.

## H Y M N 162.

1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from EMMANUEL's veins ;  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious bl.  
Shall never lose its pow'r,  
Till all the ransom'd church of Go<sup>r</sup>  
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy pow'r to save ;  
When this poor lisping, stammering  
tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

6 LORD, I believe thou hast prepar'd  
(Unworthy tho' I be)  
For me a blood-bought free reward,  
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years  
And form'd by pow'r divine,  
To sound in God the Father's ears  
No other name but thine.



## H Y M N 163.

2 Cor. v. 1, 5, 8.

**T**HREE is a house not made with hands,  
Eternal, and on high ;  
And here my spirit waiting stands,  
Till God shall bid it fly.

Shortly this prison of my clay  
Must be dissolv'd and fall ;  
Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

Tis he, by his almighty grace,  
That forms thee fit for heav'n ;  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

We walk by faith of joys to come,  
Faith lives upon his word ;  
But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the L ORD.

Tis pleasant to believe thy grace ;  
But we had rather see :  
We wou'd be absent from the flesh,  
And present, L ORD, with thee.



## H Y M N 164. 1 S A M. ▾

1 **T**HO' strait be the way,  
     With dangers beset,  
     And we thro' delay  
         Are no farther yet ;  
     Our good God and Saviour,  
         Hath help'd us thus far ;  
     And 'tis by his favour  
         We are what we are.

2 **A** favour so great  
     We highly shou'd prize,  
     Nor murmur, nor fret,  
         Nor small things despise :  
     But what call we small things ?  
         Sin's whole cancell'd sum ?  
     'Tis greater than all things—  
         Except those to come.

3 **O** ! let us reflect  
     On what we have been,  
     How God had respect  
         To us under sin :  
     When lower and lower  
         We ev'ry day fell,  
     He stretch'd forth his power,  
         And snatch'd us from hell.

4 **T**hen let us rejoice,  
     And cheerfully sing,  
     With heart and with voice,  
         To Jesus our King ;

## H Y M N 165: 165

Who thus far has brought us  
From evil to good ;  
The ransom that bought us,  
No less than his blood,  
  
For blessings like these,  
So bounteously giv'n,  
For prospects of peace,  
And foretastes of heav'n ;  
'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant,  
To sing and adore ;  
Be thankful for present,  
And then ask for more.

## H Y M N 165:

### [EATING AFTER HEAVENLY THINGS.]

To thee, my God, I hourly sigh,  
But not for golden stores ;  
Nor covet I the brightest gems,  
On the rich eastern shores.

Nor that deluding empty joy,  
Men call a mighty Name ;  
Nor greatness in its gayest forms ;  
My restless thoughts enflame.

Nor pleasure's soft enticing charms,  
My fond desires allure ;  
Far greater things than earth can yield,  
My wishes won'd secure.

4 Those blissful, those transporting smile  
     That brighten heaven above ;  
     The boundless riches of thy grace,  
     And treasures of thy love.

5 These are the mighty things I crave :  
     O ! make these blessings mine ;  
     And all the glories of the world  
     I gladly will resign.

## H Y M N 166.

1 COME, descend, O heavenly Spirit,  
     Fan each spark into a flame ;  
     Blessings let us now inherit,  
     Blessings that we cannot name :  
     Whilst hosannas we are singing,  
     May our hearts in rapture move,  
     Feel new grace in them still springing,  
     Breathe the air of purest love.

2 Let us sail in grace's ocean,  
     Float on that unbounded sea,  
     Guided into pure devotion,  
     Kept from paths of error free :  
     On thy heav'nly manna feeding,  
     Screen'd from ev'ry envious foe ;  
     Love, O love for sinners bleeding,  
     All for thee we wou'd forego.

ep us, L ORD, still in communion,  
Daily nearer drawn to thee ;  
king in the sweetest union  
Of that heart-felt mystery :  
ep us safe from each delusion,  
Well protected from all harms ;  
xe from sin, and all confusion,  
Circle us within thine arms.

H Y M N 167.

T H E S T O N Y H E A R T.

! For a glance of heav'ly day,  
To take this stubborn stone away ;  
d thaw with beams of love divine  
is heart, this frozen heart of mine.  
  
e rocks can rent; the earth can quake;  
e seas can roar; the mountains shake;  
feeling all things shew some sign,  
t this unfeeling heart of mine.  
  
hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
ar L ORD, an adamant would melt :  
I can read each moving line,  
d nothing move this heart of mine.  
  
y judgments too unmov'd I hear,  
mazing thought !) which devils fear :  
odness and wrath in vain combine,  
t stir this stupid heart of mine.

## 168 HYMN 168.

5 But something yet can do the deed,  
And that dear something much I need  
O ! may thy Spirit now refine  
From dross, and melt this heart of mine

## HYMN 168.

### FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM

1 YE souls that are weak,  
And helpless, and poor,  
Who know not to speak ;  
Much less to do more ;  
Lo ! here's a foundation  
For comfort and peace  
In CHRIST is Salvation ;  
The kingdom is his.

2 With power he rules,  
And wonders performs ;  
Gives conduct to fools,  
And courage to worms ;  
Beset by sore evils  
Without and within,  
By legions of devils,  
And mountains of sin.

3 Then be not afraid,  
All power is given  
To JESUS our Head,  
In earth and in heav'n ;

Thro' him we shall conquer  
 The mightiest foes ;  
 Our Captain is stronger  
 Than all that oppose.

His pow'r from above  
 He'll kindly impart ;  
 So free is his love,  
 So tender his heart :  
 Redeem'd with his merit,  
 We're wash'd in his blood ;  
 Renew'd by his Spirit,  
 We've power with God.

Thy grace we adore,  
 Director divine ;  
 The kingdom and pow'r  
 And glory are thine :  
 Preserve us from running  
 On rocks or on shelves ;  
 From foes strong and cunning,  
 And most from ourselves.

Reign o'er us as King,  
 Accomplish thy will ;  
 And pow'rfully bring  
 Us forth from all ill ;  
 Till falling before thee  
 We laud thy lov'd name,  
 Ascribing the glory  
 To God and the Lamb.

## H Y M N 169.

## S A T A N R E P U L S E D.

1 'Tis false: thou vile accuser; go,  
I see thro' all the thin disguise—  
Back to thy native realms below,  
Thou parent of deceit and lies!

2 Think not to drive my trembling soul,  
Laden with guilt, to black despair;  
Hast thou survey'd the sacred roll,  
And found my name not written there?

3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,  
To limit mercy's sovereign reign:  
What other happy souls have found,  
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.

4 I own my guilt, thy charge confess,  
Nor can thy malice make it more;  
Of crimes already numberless,  
Vain the attempt to swell the score.

5 Set the black list before my sight;  
While I remember Jesus dy'd,  
'Twill only urge my speedier flight,  
To seek salvation at his side.

6 Low at his feet I'll cast me down,  
To him reveal my grief and fear;  
And if he spurns me from his throne,  
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

## H Y M N 170.

FAR from our thoughts vain world be  
gone,  
Let our religious hours alone ;  
May we by faith the Saviour see :  
We wait a visit, LORD, from thee !

O warm our hearts with holy fire !  
And kindle there a pure desire ;  
Come, dearest Saviour, from above,  
And feed our souls with heav'ly love.

Bless'd JESUS, what delicious fare !  
How sweet thy entertainments are ?  
Never did angels taste above  
Redeeming grace and dying love.

Hail, great IMMANUEL, all divine !  
In thee thy Father's glories shine !  
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,  
That eyes have seen or Angels known.

## H Y M N 171.

O For a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heav'nly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd,  
How sweet their mem'ry still!  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins which made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest Idol I have known,  
Whate'er that Idol be;  
Help me to bear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

## H Y M N 172.

DESIRING TO KNOW AND LOVE  
CHRIST MORE.

1 Thou only source of true delight,  
Whom I unseen adore!  
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,  
That I may love thee more.

Thy glory o'er creation shines ;

But in thy sacred word,

I read in fairer, brighter lines,

My bleeding, dying LORD.

'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop ;

And sins and sorrows rise,

Thy love with cheerful beams of hope :

My fainting heart supplies.

But ah ! too soon the pleasing scene

Is clouded o'er with pain ;

My gloomy fears rise dark between,

And I again complain.

Jesus, my LORD, my Life, my Light,

O come with blissful ray ;

Break radiant thro' the shades of night,

And chase my fears away.

Then shall my soul with rapture trace

The wonders of thy love ;

But the full glories of thy face

Are only known above.

I R EJOICE evermore  
With Angels above,  
In Jesus's power,  
In Jesus's love ;

With glad exultation  
Your triumph proclaim,  
Ascribing salvation  
To God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief  
In trouble hast been ;  
Hast sav'd us from grief,  
Hast sav'd us from sin ;  
The pow'r of thy Spirit  
Can set our hearts free ;  
And we shall inherit  
All fulness in thee.

3 All fulness of peace,  
All fulness of joy,  
And spiritual bliss  
That never can cloy  
To us it is given  
In Jesus to know,  
A kingdom of heaven,  
A heaven below.

4 No longer we join  
Where sinners invite,  
Nor envy the swine  
Their brutish delight ;  
Their joy is all sadness,  
Their mirth is all vain,  
Their laughter is madness,  
Their pleasure is pain.

O may they at last  
 With sorrow return,  
 The pleasure to taste  
 For which they were born!  
 Our JESUS receiving,  
 Our happiness prove,  
 The joy of believing,  
 The heaven of love.

## H Y M N 174.

## RY AND GRACE IN CHRIST.

Sow to the LORD, a noble song !  
 Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;  
 Fan to th' eternal Name,  
 And all his boundless love proclaim.

Where it shines in JESU's face,  
 The brightest image of his grace;  
 In the person of his Son,  
 All his mightiest works outdone.

The spacious earth, and spreading flood,  
 Claim the wise and pow'rful God;  
 Thy rich glories from afar,  
 sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

In his looks a glory stands,  
 The noblest labour of thine hands;  
 The pleasing lustre of his eyes  
 Shines the wonders of the skies.

**H Y M N 175.**

5 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;  
My thoughts rejoice at JESU's name!  
Ye Angels, dwell upon the sound ;  
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground !

6 O, may I live to reach the place,  
Where he unveils his lovely face !  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name on harps of gold !

**H Y M N 175. PHIL. iii. 7—9.**

1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done ;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss :  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, **LORD**, I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for JESU's sake ;  
O may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake !

4 The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne ;  
But faith can answer thy demands,  
By pleading what my **LORD** has done.

## H Y M N 176.

## THE HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

THE LORD, my shepherd and my guide,  
 Will all my wants supply ;  
 In safety I shall still abide,  
 Beneath his watchful eye.

Amidst the verdant flow'ry meads  
 He makes my sweet repose,  
 When pain'd with thirst, he gently leads  
 Where living water flows.

If from his fold I thoughtless stray,  
 He leads the wand'r home,  
 And shews my erring feet the way  
 Where dangers cannot come.

Tho' hast'ning to the silent tomb,  
 And death's dark shades appear ;  
 Thy presence, LORD, shall clear the gloom,  
 And banish ev'ry fear.

No evil can my soul dismay,  
 While I am near my GOD ;  
 My comfort, my support and stay,  
 Thy staff and guiding rod.

Thy constant bounties me surround,  
 Amidst my envious foes ;  
 My favour'd head with gladness crown'd,  
 My cup with blessing flows.

7 Thus shall thy goodness, love and care,  
 Attend my future days ;  
 And I shall dwell for ever near  
 My God, and sing his praise.

## H Y M N 177.

## THE RELATIVE DUTIES.

1 CHRISTIANS in your several stations,  
 Dutiful to all relations,  
 Give to each his proper due :  
 Let not their unkind behaviour  
 Make you disobey your Saviour,  
 His command's the rule for you.

2 Parents, be to children tender ;  
 Children, full obedience render  
 To your parents in the Lord :  
 Never slight, nor disrespect them ;  
 Nor thro' pride, when old, reject them ;  
 'Tis the precept of the word.

3 Wives, to husbands yield subjection,  
 Husbands, with a kind affection  
 Cherish, as yourselves, your wife  
 Masters rule with moderation,  
 Sway'd by justice, not by passion,  
 To the scriptures square your lives.

H Y M N 178 1791

Servants, serve your masters truly ;  
Not unfaithful, nor unruly,

To the good—nor to the bad ;  
Not refusing what you're bidden ;  
Nor replying when you're chidden ;  
'Tis the ordinance of God.

This shall solve th' important question,  
Whether thou'rt a real christian,

Better than each golden dream,  
etter far than lip-expression,  
By'ring notions, great profession,  
This shall shew your love to him.

Y M N 178. P S A L M C.

Before JEHOVAH's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;  
bow that the LORD is God alone,  
can create, and he destroy.

Sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
de us of clay, and form'd us men !  
when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
brought us to his fold again.

ll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
h as the heav'n's our voices raise ;  
earth with her ten thousand tongues  
I fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;  
 Vast as eternity thy love ;  
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

H Y M N 179. REDEEMING LOVE.

1 COME, heavenly love, inspire my song  
 With thy immortal flame ;  
 And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,  
 The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour ! O what endless charms  
 Dwell in the blissful sound !  
 Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,  
 And spreads sweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,  
 In rich effusion flow,  
 For guilty rebels lost in sin,  
 And doom'd to endless woe.

4 God's only Son, (stupendous grace !)  
 Forsook his throne above ;  
 And swift to save our wretched race,  
 He flew on wings of love.

5 Th' almighty Former of the skies  
 Stoop'd to our vile abode ;  
 While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,  
 And hail'd th' incarnate God.

O the rich depths of love divine !  
    Of bliss a boundless store :  
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,  
    I cannot wish for more.

On thee alone my hope relies,  
    Beneath thy cross I fall ;  
My, LORd, my life, my sacrifice,  
    My Saviour, and my all.

## H Y M N 180.

L eft worldly minds the world pursue,  
    It has no charms for me ;  
Once I admir'd its trifles too,  
    But grace has set me free.

Its pleasures now no longer please,  
    No more content afford ;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
    Now I have known the LORd.

As by the light of op'ning day,  
    The stars are all conceal'd ;  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
    When JESUS is reveal'd.

Creatures no more divide my choice,  
    I bid them all depart ;  
His name, and love, and gracious voice,  
    Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, LORD, I would be thine alone,  
And wholly live to thee;  
But may I hope that thou wilt own  
A worthless worm like me!

6 Yes, tho' of sinners I'm the worst,  
I cannot doubt thy will;  
For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,  
I had refus'd thee still.

## H Y M N 183

## C H R I S T I A N L O V E.

1 L E T party names no more  
The christian world o'erspread;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in CHRIST their head.

2 A MONG the saints on earth  
Let mutual love be found;  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 L ET envy and ill-will  
Be banish'd far away;  
Those shou'd in strictest friendship dwell,  
Who the same LORD obey.

4 T HUS will the church below  
Resemble that above,  
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,  
And ev'ry heart is love.

## HYMN 182. THE SAME.

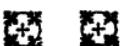
1 JESU, LORD, we look to thee,  
     Let us in thy name agree ;  
     Shew thyself the Prince of peace ;  
     Bid all jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love  
     Ev'ry stumbling-block remove ;  
     Each to each unite, endear ;  
     Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,  
     Courteous, pitiful and kind,  
     Lowly, meek in thought and word,  
     Altogether like our LORD.

4 Let us each for other care,  
     Each another's burden bear ;  
     To thy church the pattern give,  
     Shew how true believers live.

5 Let us then with joy remove  
     To thy family above,  
     On the wings of angels fly,  
     Shew how true believers die.



## H Y M N 183

## THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

- 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
My God, my heav'nly King!—  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodness to the skies ;  
Thro' the whole earth his goodness shines,  
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food ;  
Thy lib'r'al hand provides them meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compaffions, LORd!  
How slow thine anger moves !  
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,  
To cheer the soul he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim :—  
May we, who taste thy richer grace,  
Delight to bless thy name.



## HYMN 184. TRIBULATION.

THE souls that would to Jesus press,  
 Must fix this firm and sure,  
 That tribulation, more or less,  
 They must and shall endure.

- 2 From this there can be none exempt ;  
 'Tis God's own wise decree :  
 Satan the weakest saint will tempt,  
 Nor is the strongest free.
3. The world opposes from without,  
 And unbelief within :  
 We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,  
 And feel the load of sin.
- 4 Glad frames too often lift us up,  
 And then how proud we grow ;  
 Till sad desertion makes us droop,  
 And down we sink as low.
- 5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares  
 To catch the wand'ring heart ;  
 And seldom do we see the snares,  
 Before we feel the smart.
- 6 But let not all this terrify ;  
 Pursue the narrow path ;  
 Look to the LORD with stedfast eye,  
 And fight with hell by faith.

**186 H Y M N 185.**

7 Tho' we are feeble, CHRIST is strong  
His promises are true,  
We shall be conqu'rors all ere long,  
And more than conqu'rors too.

**H Y M N 185.**

- 1 When darkness long has veil'd my mind  
And smiling day once more appears,  
Then, my Redeemer, then I find,  
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart  
And blush that I should ever be  
So prone to act so base a part,  
And harbour one hard thought of the
- 3 O let me then at length be taught,  
What still I am so slow to learn;  
That GOD is love, and changes not,  
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat;  
But when my faith is sharply try'd,  
I find myself a learner yet,  
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But O ! my LORD, one look from thy  
Subdues the disobedient will,  
Drives doubt, and discontent away,  
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as willing to forgive,  
As I am ready to repine;  
Thou therefore all the praise receive,  
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

## H Y M N 186.

## TRIALS OVERCOME BY HOPE.

When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies ;  
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
And dry my weeping eyes.

Shou'd death against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurl'd ;  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

Shou'd cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall ;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heav'n, my all.

There shall I bathe my weary soul,  
In seas of heav'nly rest ;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.



C. 188 T

H Y M N 187

Z B E H. xiii. r.

- 1 THE fountain of CHRIST  
Affist me to sing,  
The blood of our Priest,  
Our crucify'd King ;  
Which perfectly cleanses  
From sin and from filth,  
And richly dispenses  
Salvation and health.
- 2 This fountain so dear  
He'll freely impart,  
Unlock'd by the spear,  
It gush'd from his heart,  
With blood and with water,  
The first to atone,  
To cleanse us the latter;  
The fountain's but one.
- 3 This fountain from guilt.  
Not only makes pure,  
And gives, soon as felt,  
Infallible cure ;  
But if guilt removed  
Return, and remain,  
Its pow'r may be proved  
Again and again.

This fountain unseal'd  
 Stands open for all  
 That long to be heal'd,  
 The great and the small ;  
 Here's strength for the weakly  
 That hither are led ;  
 Here's health for the sickly,  
 Here's life for the dead.

5 This fountain, tho' rich,  
 From charge is quite clear ;  
 The poorer the wretch  
 The welcomer here.  
 Come needy, come guilty,  
 Come loathsome and bare ;  
 You can't come too filthy—  
 Come just as you are.

6 This fountain in vain  
 Has never been try'd,  
 It takes out all stain,  
 Whenever apply'd :  
 The water flows sweetly  
 With virtue divine,  
 To cleanse souls completely,  
 Tho' leprous as mine.



## SUBMISSION TO PROVIDENCE.

1 Nature is from the earth we came,  
And crept to life at first, H  
So to the earth we soon return,  
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
And fondly call our own,  
Are but short favours borrow'd now,  
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them in the grave ;  
He gives, and, blessed be his name !  
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions then,  
Let each rebellious sigh,  
Be silent at his sov'reign will,  
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
Its praises shall be spread ;  
And we'll adore the justice too  
That strikes our comforts dead.



## H Y M N

## THE MYSTERIES OF PRAISE

Lord, how mysterious are thy ways,  
How blind are we, how mean our  
praise!

Why steps can mortal eyes explore?  
Tis ours to wonder, and adore.

Why deep decrees from creature-sight  
Are hid in shades of awful night;  
Mid the lines, with curious eye,  
Let angel-minds presume to pry.

Great God! I wou'd not ask to see  
What in futurity shall be;  
If light and bliss attend my days,  
Then let my future hours be praise!

Is darkness and distress my share?  
Then let me trust thy guardian care;  
Enough for me, if love divine  
At length thro' ev'ry cloud shall shine;

Yet this my soul desires to know,  
Is this my only wish below;  
That CHRIST is mine!"—this great  
request  
Grant, bounteous GOD: and I am blest.

## H Y M N 190. ANSWER.

1 See how rude winter's icy hand  
 Has stripp'd the trees, and seal'd the ground;  
 But spring shall soon his rage withdraw,  
 And spread new beauties all around.

2 My soul a sharper winter mourns;  
 Barren and lifeless I remain;  
 When will the gentle spring return,  
 And bid my graces grow again!

3 Jesus, my glorious sun, arise,  
 'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;  
 O! hush these storms, and clear my skies,  
 And let me feel thy vital love.

4 Dear LORD, regard my feeble cry;  
 I faint and droop till thou appear;  
 Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?  
 Must it be winter all the year?

5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,  
 With humble pray'r, and patient faith;  
 Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,  
 Repose on what his promise faith.

6 He, by whose all-cominating words,  
 Seasons their changing course maintain;  
 In ev'ry change a pledge affords,  
 That none shall seek his face in vain.

H Y M N

## H Y M N 191.

## TRUE HAPPINESS.

**H**ow happy is the christian's state !  
 His sins are all forgiv'n ;  
 A clearing ray confirms the grace,  
 And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

Tho' in the rugged path of life  
 He heaves the pensive sigh ;  
 Yet, trusting in his God, he finds  
 Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

If, to prevent his wand'ring steps ;  
 He feels the chast'ning rod ;  
 The gentle stroke shall bring him back  
 To this forgiving God.

And when the welcome message comes  
 To call his soul away ;  
 His soul in raptures, shall ascend  
 To everlasting day.

## H Y M N 192. BACKSLIDERS.

**D**ESERTERS, to the camp return,  
 Resume your former post ;  
 Bewail your crimes, your baseness mourn,  
 For yet ye are not lost.

K

2 Yours is a sad, a dangerous case;  
 Be humble, and repent:  
 Mercy, you'll find, tho' e'er so base,  
 If truly penitent.

3 Sinners are sav'd by Jesu's blood,  
 How vile see'er they be;  
 Eternal life's the gift of God;  
 And gifts are always free.

4 'Tis not by works of righteousness—  
 Which any man has done;  
 But God has sent the Sun to bless—  
 Return and kiss the Son.

## H Y M N 193.

## S A F E T Y U N D E R T H E C R O S S.

1 **H**ERE at thy cross, my dying God,  
 I lay my soul beneath thy love,  
 Beneath the droppings of thy blood,  
 Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all the tyrants think or say,  
 With rage and lightning in their eyes,  
 Nor hell shall fright my heart away,  
 Should hell, with all its legions rise.

3 Shou'd worlds conspire to drive me hence,  
 Moveless and firm this heart shou'd lie;  
 Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)  
 If I must perish, there to die.

## H Y M N 194

195

Spaek, my Lord, and calm my fear;  
I not safe beneath thy shade?  
y vengeance will not strike me here,  
r Satan dares my soul invade.

I'm secure beneath thy blood,  
d all my foes shall lose their aim:  
sanna to my dying God,  
d my best honours to his name.

## H Y M N 194.

### L I C T H A N K S F O R P R I V A T E D E L I V E R A N C E.

WAT shall I render, O my God,  
For all thy kindness shown!  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My Songs address thy throne.

mong the saints that fill thy house,  
My offr'ings shall be paid,  
ere shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.

ow much is mercy thy delight,  
Thou ever blessed God!  
ow dear thy servants in thy sight!  
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!  
 How great thy grace to me!  
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
 Lord, I devote to thee.

## HYMN 195.

PRAISE TO GOD THRO' THE WHOLE  
OF OUR EXISTENCE.

1 GOD of my life, thro' all my days,  
 My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy  
 praise;...  
 The song shall 'wake with op'ning light,  
 And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares wou'd break my rest,  
 And grief wou'd tear my throbbing breast,  
 Thy tuneful praise I'll raise on high  
 And check the murmur, and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
 And all the pow'rs of language fail;  
 Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,  
 And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,  
 And I am chain'd to flesh no more,  
 With what glad accents shail I rise,  
 To join the music of the skies!

Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,  
 Which echo thro' the heav'nly plains,  
 And emulate, with joy unknown,  
 The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

## H Y M N . 196.

## B R O T H E R L Y L O V E.

**N**ow by the bowels of my God,  
 His sharp distress, his sore complaints,  
 By his last groans, his dying blood,  
 I charge my soul to love his saints.

Clamour and wrath and war be gone,  
 Envy and spite for ever cease;  
 Let bitter words no more be known,  
 And among the saints, the song of peace.

The spirit, like a peaceful dove,  
 Flies from the realms of noise and strife;  
 Why should we vex and grieve his love,  
 Who seals our souls to heav'nly life?

Tender and kind be all our thoughts;  
 Thro' all our lives let mercy run;  
 So God forgives our num'rous faults,  
 For the dear sake of CHRIST his Son.

[ 198. ]

HYMN 197.

THE PROMIS'D LAND. ISA. xxxiii. 17.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes
- 2 There pain and sickness never come,  
And grief no more complains ;  
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
And endless pleasure reigns.
- 3 No clouds those blissful regions knew,  
For ever bright and fair !  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.
- 4 There no alternate night is known,  
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;  
But glory from the sacred throne  
Spreads everlasting day.
- 5 O may the heav'nly prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love,  
Till wings of faith and strong desire  
Bear ev'ry thought above.
- 6 Prepare us, LORD, by grace divine  
For thy bright courts on high ;  
Then bid our spirits rise and join  
The chorus of the sky.

[ 199 ]

H Y M N . 198.]

LET SHEWNBY WORKS.

Let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess;  
Let our works and virtues shine,  
Prove the doctrine all divine.

Let us best proclaim abroad  
Honours of our SAVIOUR-GOB,  
In the salvation reigns within,  
Grace subdues the pow'r of sin.  
Flesh and sense must be deny'd,  
Oh and envy, lust and pride;  
Idle justice, temp'rance, truth and love,  
Inward piety approve.

Gion bears our spirits up,  
Till we expect that blessed hope,  
Bright appearance of the LORD,  
Faith stands leaning on his word.

H Y M N 199.

P Y POVERTY. M A T T. V. 3.

Let humble souls complain no more;  
Let faith survey your future store;  
How happy, how divinely blest,  
Sacred words of truth attest.

2 When conscious grief laments sincere,  
And pours the penitential tear;  
Hope points to your dejected eyes,  
The bright reversion in the skies.

3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride!  
Despise your lot, your hopes deride;  
In vain they boast their little stores,  
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.

4 There shall your eyes with rapture view  
The glorious friend that dy'd for you;  
That dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise  
To crowns of joy, and songs of praise.

5 Jesus, to thee I breathe my pray'r:  
Reveal, confirm my int'rest there!  
Whate'er my humble lot below,  
This, this my soul desires to know.

6 O let me hear that voice divine  
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine!  
Enroll'd among the happy poor,  
My largest wishes ask no more.

## H Y M N 200.

## SINS AND SORROWS LAID BEFORE GOD!

1 **O** That we knew the secret place  
Where we might find our God!  
We'd spread our wants before his face,  
And pour our woes abroad.

## H Y M N 201. 2201

We'd tell him how our sins arise;

What sorrows we sustain;

How grace decays and comfort dies,

And leaves our hearts in pain.

He knows what arguments we'd take,

To wrestle with our God;

We'd plead for his own mercy's sake,

And for our Saviour's blood.

Our God will pity our complaints,

And heal our broken bones;

He takes the meaning of his saints,

The language of their groans.

Arise, my soul, from deep distress,

And banish ev'ry fear;

He calls thee to his throne of grace,

To spread thy sorrows there.

## H Y M N 201. 2201

### PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

To our Redeemer's glorious name:

Awake the sacred song!

O may his love (immortal flame)

Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

His love what mortal thought can reach!

What mortal tongue dilpy?

Imagination's utmost stretch.

In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,  
And gratitude and joy;—  
Jesus, be our supreme delight,  
His praise our best employ.

4 Jesus, who left his throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die:—  
Was ever love like this?

5 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to thee;  
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,  
“The Saviour dy'd for me.”

6 O may the sweet the blissful theme  
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,  
Till strangers love thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.

## H Y M N 202.

## THE PARDONING GOD.

1 GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways  
Are matchless, godlike and divine;  
But the fair glories of thy grace  
More god like and unrivall'd shine.  
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Crimes of such horror to forgive,  
Such guilty daring worms to spare;  
This is thy great prerogative,  
And none shall in the honour share.

Who &c.

Angels and men, resign your claim  
To pity, mercy, love and grace;  
These glories crown JEHOVAH's name  
With an incomparable blaze.

Who &c.

In wonder lost, with trembling joy  
We take the pardon of our God,  
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,  
A pardon bought with Jesu's blood.

Who &c.

O may this strange, this matchless grace,  
This godlike miracle of love,  
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,  
And all th' angelic hosts above!  
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

HEAVENLY ASPIRATIONS.

MY God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;  
One sovereign word can draw me thence:  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,  
Let noise and vanity be gone;  
In secret silence of the mind  
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

## H Y M N 204.

## A LIVING AND A DEAD FAITH.

1 Mistaken souls, that dream of heav'n,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,  
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead;  
None but a living pow'r unites  
To CHRIST the living head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart;  
'Tis faith that works by love;  
That bids our sinful joys depart,  
And lifts our thoughts above.



Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,  
 By celestial power;  
 This is the grace that shall prevail  
 In the decisive hour.

## TRUST IN GOD IN DIFFICULTIES

**W**HAT, O my heart, these anxious care?  
 Why these tumultuous sick'ning  
 fears?  
 Why thus all-pensive and forlorn,  
 Dost thou thy thick'ning troubles mourn?  
 When threat'ning storms around thee rise,  
 And louring tempests spread the skies,  
 On God, my soul, thy burden cast,  
 And seek in him a peaceful rest.  
 If falsehood and deceit abound,  
 And envy's darts in secret wound,  
 If earthly springs of comfort dry,  
 And ev'ry blooming joy should die;  
 Silent I'll bear thy chast'ning rod,  
 Thy just displeasure, O my God!  
 On thee I'll wait with eager eyes,  
 To thee my pray'r with hope shall rise;  
 Yes, I shall hear thy cheering voice;  
 In thee my soul shall yet rejoice;  
 Thou wilt reveal thy smiling face,  
 And hence these gloomy horrors chase.

## 206 H Y M N 206.

6. Thou art my Saviour, thou my God!  
 Thy grace will I proclaim abroad ;  
 That grace which bears my guilt away,  
 And turns the blackest night to day.

## H Y M N 206.

## THE RETURNING BACKSLIDER.

- 1 THE LORD is kind in all his ways,  
 When most they seem severe ;  
 He frowns and scourges and rebukes,  
 That we may learn his fear.
- 2 With thorns he fences up our path,  
 And builds a wall around ;  
 To guard us from the death that lurks  
 In sin's forbidden ground.
- 3 When other lovers sought in vain,  
 Our fond address despise ;  
 He opens his indulgent arms  
 With pity in his eyes :
- 4 Return, ye wand'ring souls, return,  
 And seek his tender breast ;  
 Call back the memory of those days,  
 When there you found your rest.
- 5 Behold, great God ! we come to thee,  
 Tho' blushes veil our face ;  
 Constrain'd our last retreat to seek  
 In thy much-injur'd grace.

## H Y M N 207.

P R A Y E R F O R A N E W S P I R I T.  
E Z E K. xxxvi 26.

A LMIGHTY GOD of truth and love !  
In me thy pow'r exert ;  
The mountain from my soul remove,  
The hardness of my heart :  
My most abdurate heart subdue,  
In honour to thy Son,  
And now the gracious wonder shew,  
And take away the stone.

I want a principle within  
Of jealous, godly fear ;  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near :  
Want the first approach to feel  
Of pride, or vain desire,  
To catch the wandrings of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.

F ROM thee that I no more depart,  
No more thy goodness grieve ;  
Re filliol awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender concience give :  
Sick as the apple of an eye,  
O God ! my conscience make :  
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.

## THE HEAVENLY GUEST. REV. iii. 20.

1 AND will the LORD thus condescend  
     A To visit sinful worms?  
     Thus at the door shall mercy stand,  
         In all her winning forms?

2 Surprizing grace!—and shall my heart  
     Unmov'd and cold remain?  
     Has this hard rock no tender part?  
         Must mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall JESUS for admission sue,  
     His charming voice unheard?  
     And this vile heart, his rightful due,  
         Remain for ever barr'd?

4 'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant power  
     The lodging has possess'd;  
     And crowds of traitors bar the door  
         Against the heav'ly guest.

5 LORD, rise in thy all-conqu'ring grace,  
     Thy mighty power display;  
     One beam of glory from thy face  
         Can drive my foes away.

6 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;  
     Dear Saviour ente in,  
     And guard the passage to my heart,  
         And keep out ev'ry sin.

## H Y M N 209.

## WEAKNESS BEWAILED.

**W**HY is my heart so far from thee,  
My God, my chief delight?  
Why are my thoughts no more by day  
With thee, no more by night?

Why should my foolish passions rove?  
Where can such sweetnes be,  
I have tasted in thy love,  
As I have found in thee?

When my forgetful soul renewes  
The favour of thy grace,  
My heart presumes I cannot lose  
The relish all my days.

But e'er one fleeting hour is past,  
The flatt'ring world employs  
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,  
And to pollute my joys.

Trifles of nature or of art,  
With fair delusive charms,  
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,  
And thrust thee from my arms.

Then I repent and grieve my soul,  
That I shou'd leave thee so:  
Where will those wild affections  
That let a Saviour go?

**210      H Y M N 210.**

**7** Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,  
And bring my heart to rest  
On the dear centre of my soul,  
**My God, my Saviour's breast.**

**H Y M N 210.**

**THE DANGER OF CREATURE-COMFORTS.**

- 1** How vain are all things here below!  
How false and yet how fair!  
Each pleasure has its poison too;  
And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2** The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flatt'ring light;  
We should suspect some danger nigh,  
When we possess delight.
- 3** Our dearest joys and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood.  
How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
And leave but haif for God!
- 4** The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the heart!  
Thither the warm affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence,
- 5** Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

## HYMN 211.

## ND DOUBTS OVERCOME BY GRACE.

Why does your face, ye humble souls,  
Those mournful colours wear?  
t doubts are these that waste your  
faith,  
nd nourish your despair?

t tho' your num'rous sins exceed  
ie stars that fill the skies,  
aiming at th' eternal throne,  
ke pointed mountains rise:

t tho' your mighty guilt beyond  
ie wide creation swell,  
has its curs'd foundations laid  
ow as the deeps of hell.

ere an endless Ocean flows  
f never-failing grace;  
ld a dying Saviour's veins  
he sacred flood increase:

es high and drowns the hills,  
as neither shore nor bound;  
, if we search to find our sins,  
ur sins can ne'er be found.

ke, our hearts, adore the grace  
hat buries all our faults,  
pard'nig blood that swells above  
ur follies and our thoughts.

## H Y M N 212;

## S A T A N ' S D E V I C E S E X P O S E D.

1 Hate the tempter and his charms,  
I hate his flatt'ring breath :  
The serpent takes a thousand forms,  
To cheat our souls to death.

2 Now he persuades " how easy 'tis  
" To walk the road to heav'n ;"  
And now he swells our sins, and cries,  
" They cannot be forgiv'n."

3 He bids young sinners yet forbear  
To think of God or death ;  
For prayer and devotion are  
But melancholy breath.

4 He tells the aged they must die,  
And 'tis too late to pray ;  
In vain for mercy now they cry,  
For they have lost their day.

5 Thus he supports his cruel throne  
By mischief and deceit,  
And drags the sons of Adam down  
To darkness and the pit.

6 Almighty God cut short his pow'r,  
Let him in darkness dwell ;  
And, that he vex the earth no more,  
Confine him down to hell.

## HYMN 213.

E VANITY OF WORLDLY SCHEMES.

To-morrow, Lord, is thine,  
Lodg'd in thy sovereign hand;  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.

Present moment flies,  
And bears our life away;  
Make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to day.

Ice on this fleeting hour

Eternity is hung,  
Aken by thy almighty pow'r.  
The aged and the young.

What demands our care,

O be it still pursu'd;  
If slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renew'd.

Jesus may we fly,

Swift as the morning light;  
If life's young golden beams shou'd  
die

In sudden endless night.

## DESIRING TO LOVE GOD ABOVE ALL.

1 AND is it yet, dear LORD, a doubt,  
 If in thy breast thou reign'st alone?  
 Find the lurking rival out,  
 And drag the traitor from the throne.

2 Would earth's delusive, trifling charms,  
 Assume a power above thy name?  
 Stab each usurper in my arms,  
 And vindicate thy rightful claim.

3 By purchase, duty, ev'ry tie,  
 Yea, choice itself, LORD, I am thine;  
 Maintain thy right, or let me die,  
 Ere from thy love my soul decline.

4 If my unsteady heart wou'd rove,  
 (And well thou know'st its treach'rous  
     frame,) If aught below, or aught above,  
 Would share or quench the sacred  
     flame;

5 Chace the curs'd object from my soul,  
 Thence, thence the twining mischief  
     tear;  
 Reign thou the sovereign of the whole,  
 Be Lord of ev'ry motion there.

## H Y M N 215.

THE PATH TO HEAVEN THROUGH THIS  
WORLD.

**L**ORD, what a wretched land is this,  
That yields us no supply,  
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,  
Nor streams of living joy.

2 But prickling thorns thro' all the ground,  
And mortal poisons grow,  
And all the rivers that are found,  
With dangerous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode  
Lies thro' this horrid land :  
LORD, we would keep the heav'nly road,  
And run at thy command.

4 Our journey is a thorny maze,  
But we march upward still ;  
Forget the trouble of the ways,  
And reach at Sion's hill.

5 See the kind angels at the gates,  
Inviting us to come ;  
There Jesus the forerunner waits  
To welcome trav'lers home.

## H Y M N 216.

DESIRING TO BE KEPT IN GOD'S WAY.

- 1 **T**HOU, whom my soul admires above  
All earthly joy, and earthly love;  
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know  
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow!
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock  
That from the sun defends thy flock?  
Fain wou'd I feed among thy sheep,  
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why shou'd thy bride appear like one  
That turns aside to paths unknown?  
My constant feet wou'd never rove,  
Wou'd never seek another love.
- 4 The footsteps of thy flock I see;  
The sweetest pastures, here they be;  
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,  
Bought with thy wounds and groans and tears.
- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,  
And bids me drink his richest blood;  
Here to these hills my soul will come,  
Till my Beloved leads me home.

H Y M

## H Y M N 217.

## GRACE AND SIN.

**W**HAT jarring nature dwells within,  
Imperfect grace and reigning sin?  
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,  
Who' each by turns my heart affail.

Now I complain, and groan, and die,  
Now raise my songs of triumph high;  
Sing a rebellious passion slain,  
Or mourn to feel it live again.

One happy hour beholds me rise,  
Borne upwards to my native skies,  
While faith assists my soaring flight  
To realms of joy, and worlds of light.

Scarce a few hours, or minutes roll,  
Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;  
I feel its sympathetic force,  
And headlong urge my downward course.

How short the joys thy visits give,  
How long thine absence, LORD, I grieve!  
What clouds obscure my rising sun,  
Or intercept its rays at noon?

How oft I raise my down-cast eye  
For aid, but find no succour nigh;  
While rebel-lusts, oppos'd in vain,  
Exert their pow'r, and strive to reign.

## 218 H Y M N 218.

- 7 My feeble knees I bend again,  
My drooping hands again I rear ;  
Vain is the task, the effort vain,  
My heart abhors the irkome pray'r.
- 8 Thou sacred Source of light and love,  
Whence all thy peoples joys arise,  
Thou holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
O hear thine humble suppliant's cries !
- 9 Assist me thro' the doubtful fight ;  
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,  
Canst make me triumph in thy might,  
The vict'ry mine, and thine the praise.

## H Y M N 218.

### LONGING FOR A SENSE OF PARDON

- 1 **T**HY presence, Saviour, may I feel,  
O stamp me with thy Spirit's seal !  
**L**ORD, seal my pardon with thy blood,  
And let me know I'm born of God.
- 2 One precious drop, **L**ORD **J**ESUS, grant  
O ! for one precious drop I pant !  
By faith apply thy healing blood,  
That I may cry, My **L**ORD, my **G**od !
- 3 Sprinkle it on my conscience, **L**ORD,  
O let me hear the pow'rful word  
That rais'd the dead, and chears the soul.  
And makes the sin-sick sinner whole.

And when this mortal life is o'er,  
And pain and sinning is no more,  
Receive my soul to thy bleis'd home :  
O come, LORD JESUS, quickly come !

H Y M N 219.

E A R Y S O U L S I N V I T E D T O R E S T.  
M A T T. XI. 2, 8.

C O M E, weary souls, with sins distrest,  
The Saviour offers heav'nly rest ;  
The kind, the gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.

Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,  
O come, and spread your woes abroad ;  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;  
Pardon and life, and endless peace—  
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !

L O R D, we accept with thankful heart,  
The hope thy gracious words impart ;  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting voice.

Dear Saviour, let thy pow'rful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,  
And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

## H Y M N 220.

## THE POWER OF FAITH.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
And saves me from its snares ;  
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,  
And softens all my cares :
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,  
And lights the sacred fire  
Of love to God and heav'nly things,  
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r  
The healing balm to give :  
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
Where deathless pleasures reign,  
And bids me seek my portion there,  
Nor bids me seek in vain.
- 5 Shews me the precious promise, seal'd  
With the redeemer's blood ;  
And helps my feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there unshaken would I rest,  
Till this vile body dies ;  
And then on faith's triumphant wings,  
At once to glory rise.

## H Y M N 221.

HE INCREASING POWER OF  
CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

**A**L L hail, incarnate God ;  
 The wond'rous things foretold  
 If thee in sacred writ,  
 With joy our eyes behold :  
 till does thine arm new trophies wear,  
 And monuments of glory rear.

'o thee the hoary head  
 Its silver honours pays ;  
 'o thee the blooming youth  
 Devotes his brightest days :  
 And every age their tribute bring,  
 And bow to thee, all-conquering King !

'o hast, victorious Prince,  
 That happy glorious day,  
 When souls like drops of dew  
 Shall own thy gentle sway :  
 May it bless our longing eyes,  
 And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

Hail, triumphant LORD !  
 Eternal be thy reign ;  
 Hold the nations sue  
 To wear thy gentle chain :  
 When earth and time are known no more,  
 thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

## H Y M N 222.

## THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.

- 1 GOD is King, ye lands rejoice ;  
Lift, ye Isles, a thankful voice ;  
Ev'ry throne by his controll'd,  
Well secures the passive world.
- 2 Higher than the sons of pride,  
He bids the raging waves 'subside ;  
Whatever strifes the nations fill,  
The whole centers to his will.
- 3 O how deep his counsel lies !  
How unfathomably wise !  
Ev'ry way his will is done,  
Ev'ry way his pow'r is shown.
- 4 Thoughts are vain against the LORD,  
All subserve his standing word ;  
Satan lets, and men object,  
Yet the thing they thwart, effect.
- 5 Subjects of the LORD, be bold ;  
Jesus will the kingdom hold ;  
Wheels encircling wheels must run,  
Each in place to bring it on.
- 6 Blest is Faith, that trusts his pow'r ;  
Blest is Faith, that waits his hour ;  
Haste, great Conqu'ror, bring it near,  
Let the glorious close appear.

## H Y M N 223.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD, NOT IN WORD,  
BUT IN POWER.

- 4 A Form of words, tho' e'er so sound,  
Can never save a soul.  
The Holy Ghost must give the wound,  
And make the wounded whole.
- 5 Tho' God's election is a truth,  
Small comfort there I see,  
Till I am told by God's own mouth,  
That He has chosen *Me*.
- 6 Sinners, I read, are justify'd  
By faith in Jesus's blood :  
But when to me that blood's apply'd,  
'Tis then I've peace with God.
- 7 Imputed righteousness I own,  
A doctrine most divine ;  
When Jesus to my heart makes known  
That all his merit's *Mine*.
- 8 To perseverance I agree ;  
The thing to me is clear ;  
Because the Lord has promis'd *Me*  
That I shall persevere.

224 H Y M N 224.

6 Thus christians glorify the L O R D ;  
His Spirit joins with ours,  
In bearing witness to his word,  
With all its saving pow'rs.

H Y M N 224.

CHRIST IS THE WAY, THE TRUTH,  
AND THE LIFE.

1 I Am, saith CHRIST, the Way :  
Now if we credit him,  
All other paths must lead astray,  
How fair soe'er they seem.

2 I am, saith CHRIST, the Truth :  
Then all that lacks this test,  
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,  
Is but a lie at best.

3 I am, saith CHRIST, the Life :  
Let this be seen by faith ;  
It follows, without further strife,  
That all besides is death.

4 If what those words aver,  
The Holy Ghost apply ;  
The simplest christian shall not err,  
Nor be deceiv'd, nor die.



## H Y M N 225.

B R E A T H I N G A F T E R C H R I S T.

COME, thou blest JESUS, quickly come,  
 Descend, thou bright, immortal guest;  
 Within my heart erect thy throne,  
 And reign unrivall'd in my breast.

Not all that's great, or good, or fair,  
 Can please, or fix my choice below:  
 I long in purer joys to share,  
 Which only from thy presence flow.

No more the world my bosom warms,  
 When thy superior glories shine:  
 I die to all created charms,  
 If JESUS whispers, HE IS MINE.

Oppress'd with care and pain, I roam  
 At distance from my native place:  
 Come, the bright hour that bears me  
 home,  
 To view my JESUS face to face..

## H Y M N 226.

CHRIST THE ONLY SAVIOUR. ISA. lxiv. 6.

LONG did my soul in JESU's form  
 No comeliness nor beauty see;  
 His sacred name by others priz'd,  
 Was tasteless still, and dead to me.

2 Men call'd me Christian, and my heart  
     On that delusion fondly stay'd ; . . .  
     Moral my hopes, my Saviour self,  
     Till mighty grace the cheat display'd.

3 Thanks to the hand that wak'd my dream,  
     That shew'd me wretched, naked, poor;  
     That sweetly led me to the rock,  
     Where all salvation stands secure.     to D

4 Glad, I forsook my righteous pride,  
     My moral, tarnish'd, sinful dress ;  
     Exchang'd my dross away for Christ,  
     And found the robe of righteousness.     A

## H Y M N 227.

1 Jesus, thou everlasting King,  
     Accept the tribute which we bring ;  
     Accept the well-deserv'd renown,  
     And wear our praises as thy crown.     A

2 Let ev'ry act of worship be,  
     Like our espousals, LORD, to thee ;  
     Like the blest hour, when from above  
     We first receiv'd the pledge of love.     3

3 The gladness of that happy day,  
     O may it ever, ever stay !  
     Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
     Our hope decline, nor love grow cold.     1

Each following minute as it flies,  
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys,  
 Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,  
 At the great supper of the Lamb.

## H Y M N 228.

OD ALL IN ALL. PSALM xviii. 46.

1 THE great JEHOVAH reigns  
 Upon a throne sublime ;  
 And from his own eternity  
 Sees the wide wastes of time.

2 This great JEHOVAH's mine,  
 The saint in rapture cries ;  
 And to this everlasting rock  
 My joyful spirit flies.

3 From this immortal spring  
 Immense salvation flows ;  
 And with the wonders of his love  
 My grateful bosom glows.

4 His name shall be my song  
 While life and breath are giv'n ;  
 And his unceasing praise shall run  
 Thro' all the days of heav'n.



## H Y M N 229.

## THE DIVIDED HEART LAMENTED.

- 1 Strange that so much of heav'n & hell  
Shou'd in one bosom meet !  
LORD ! can thy Spirit ever dwell  
Where Satan has a seat.
- 2 Now I am all transform'd to love,  
And cou'd expire in praise ;  
Then soon not all the joys above  
One cheerful note can raise.
- 3 When I with pensive thoughts review  
The mazes I have trod,  
Astonish'd at the grace that drew  
My wand'ring soul to God.
- 4 O with what ardent zeal I vow  
A rectitude within !  
What indignation fires me now  
At the mere thoughts of sin !
- 5 Yet vain amusements, hurrying cares,  
Trifles of loss or gain,  
Or carnal joys, or worldly fears,  
Seduce my heart again.
- 6 By faithful hopes, and golden dreams,  
I'm nurtur'd, or betray'd ;  
Still tost between the two extremes,  
Too vain, or too dismay'd.

Decide the dubious, awful case  
 By some assuring sign ;  
 And O may thy all-conqu'ring grace  
 Demonstrate I am thine.

## H Y M N . 230.

CHRIST JUSTIFIES AND SANCTIFIES.

J O H N xix. 34.

1 **M**Y Saviour's pierced side  
 Pour'd out a double flood ;  
 By water we are purify'd,  
 And pardon'd by thy blood.

2 Look up, my soul, to him,  
 Whose death was thy desert ;  
 And humbly view the living stream  
 Flow from his breaking heart.

3 There on the cursed tree  
 In dying pangs he lies,  
 Fulfils his Father's great decree,  
 And all our wants supplies.

4 Thus the redeemer came  
 By water and by blood ;  
 And when the Spirit speaks the same,  
 We feel his witness good.

5 **L**ORD, cleanse my soul from sin,  
 Nor let thy grace depart ;  
 Great Comforter, abide within,  
 And witness to my heart.

## H Y M N 231.

## FOR VICTORY OVER DEATH.

1 O For an overcoming faith  
     To chear my dying hours,  
     To triumph o'er the monster, death,  
     And all his frightful pow'rs.

2 Joyful with all the strength I have,  
     My quiv'ring lips shou'd sing,  
     " Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?  
     " And where the monster's sting?"

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure ;  
     Death has no sting beside ;  
     The law gives sin its damning pow'r ;  
     But CHRIST, my ransom, dy'd.

4 Now to the God of victory  
     Immortal thanks be paid,  
     Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,  
     Thro' CHRIST our living head.

## H Y M N 232.

## SAFETY IN CHRIST.

1 Beset with snares on ev'ry hand,  
     In life's uncertain path I stand :  
     Saviour divine ! diffuse thy light,  
     To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

## H Y M N 233. 231

Engage this roving, treacherous heart,  
Great God ! to choose the better part ;  
To scorn the trifles of a day,  
For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise,  
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;  
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,  
But all my treasure with me bear.

If thou, my JESUS, still art nigh,  
Chearful I live, and cheerful die ;  
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,  
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

## H Y M N 233.

### T O T H E H O L Y G H O S T.

1 COME, HOLY SPIRIT, come,  
Let thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel the darkness from our minds,  
And open all our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove ;  
And kindle in our breasts the flames  
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesu's blood ;  
And to our wond'ring view reveal  
*The secret love of God.*

4 Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,  
And new create the whole.

5 If thou, celestial Dove,  
Thine influence withdraw,  
What easy victims soon we fall  
To conscience, wrath, and law!

6 No longer burns our love ;  
Our faith and patience fail ;  
Our sin revives ; and death and hell  
Our feeble souls affail.

7 Dwell therefore in our hearts ;  
Our minds from bondage free :  
Then shall we know, and praise, & love  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

## H Y M N 234.

CHRIST OUR WISDOM, RIGHTEOUSNESS,  
SANCTIFICATION, AND REDEMPTION.

1 Believers own they are but blind ;  
They own themselves unwise ;  
But wisdom in the Lord they find,  
Who opens all their eyes.

2 Unrighteous are they all when try'd ;  
But God himself declares,  
In Jesus they are justify'd ;  
His righteousness is theirs.

That we're unholy needs no proof ;  
 We sorely feel the fall :  
 But CHRIST has holiness enough  
 To sanctify us all.

Expos'd by sin to God's just wrath,  
 We look to CHRIST and view  
 Redemption in his blood by faith ;  
 And full redemption too.

Some this, some that, good virtue teach,  
 To rectify the soul :  
 But we first after JESUS reach,  
 And richly grasp the whole.

To JESUS join'd we all that's good  
 From him our head derive :  
 We eat his flesh and drink his blood ;  
 And by, and in him live.

## H Y M N 235.

## VINE STRENGTH IN HUMAN WEAKNESS.

**B**Y whom was David taught  
 To aim the dreadful blow,  
 When the Goliah fought,  
 And laid the Gittite low ?  
 Nor sword nor spear the stripling took,  
 But chose a pebble from the brook.

2 'Twas Israel's God and King,  
 Who sent him to the fight,  
 Who gave him strength to sing,  
 And skill to aim aright :  
 Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,  
 Because young David's God is yours.

3 Who order'd Gideon forth,  
 To storm th' invader's camp,  
 With arms of little worth,  
 A pitcher, and a lamp ?  
 The trumpets made his coming known,  
 And all the host were overthrown.

4 O, I have seen the day,  
 When with a single word,  
 God helping me to say  
 " My trust is in the Lord ; "  
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,  
 Fearless of all that wou'd oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,  
 Self-righteousness and pride,  
 How often do they steal  
 My weapon from my side !  
 Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,  
 Will help his servant to the end.



## H Y M N 236.

## T H E D E C E I T F U L N E S S O F S I N.

- 1 SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts  
To practise on the mind,  
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,  
But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives  
The aged and the young ;  
And while the heedless wretch believes,  
She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,  
And gives a fair pretence ;  
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,  
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair,  
Grew the forbidden food ;  
Our mother took the poison there,  
And tainted all her blood.

## H Y M N 237.

## P R A I S E T O T H E R E D E E M E R.

- 1 LET us love and sing and wonder,  
Let us praise the Saviour's name ;  
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,  
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame ;  
He has wash'd us with his blood,  
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the LORd who bought us,  
 Pity'd us when enemies ;  
 Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,  
 Gave us ears, and gave us eyes.  
 He has wash'd us with his blood,  
 He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us sing, tho' fierce temptation  
 Threaten hard to bear us down ;  
 For the LORd our strong salvation,  
 Holds in view the conq'ror's crown.  
 He who wash'd us with his blood,  
 Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us wonder, grace and justice  
 Join and point to mercy's store :  
 When thro' grace in CHRIST our trust is,  
 Justice smiles and asks no more.  
 He who wash'd us with his blood,  
 Has secur'd our way to God.

5 Let us praise and join the chorus  
 Of the saints enthron'd on high !  
 Here they trusted him before us,  
 Now their praises fill the sky.  
 Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,  
 Thou art worthy, Lamb of God !

6 Yes we praise thee, gracious Saviour ;  
 Wonder, love, and blefs thy name ;  
 Pardon, LORd, our poor endeavour,  
 Pity, for thou knowst our frame.  
 Wash our souls and songs with blood,  
 For by thee we come to God..

## H Y M N 238.

## TRUE AND FALSE ZEAL.

**Z**EAL is that pure and heav'nly flame  
 The fire of love supplies ;  
 But that which often bears the name,  
 Is self in a disguise.

True zeal is merciful and mild,  
 Can pity and forbear :  
 The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,  
 And breaths revenge and war.

While zeal for truth the christian warms,  
 He knows the worth of peace ;  
 But self contends for names and forms,  
 Its party to increase.

Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,  
 Its wish is satisfy'd,  
 If sinners love the Saviour's name,  
 Nor seeks it ought beside.

But self, however well employ'd,  
 Has its own ends in view :  
 And says, as boasting Jehu cry'd ;  
 " Come see what I can do ! "

Self may its poor reward obtain,  
 And be applauded here ;  
 But zeal the best applause will gain  
 When Jesus shall appear.

7 Dear LORD ! the idol self dethrone,  
 And from our hearts remove ;  
 And let no zeal by us be shewn,  
 But that which springs from love.

## LOOKING TO JESUS.

1 How glorious the Lamb  
 Is seen on the throne !  
 His labours are o'er,  
 His conquests are won.  
 A kingdom is giv'n  
 Into the Lamb's hand,  
 In earth, and in heav'n,  
 For ever to stand.

2 Ye sinners below  
 Then trust in the Lord ;  
 Look up to his arm,  
 His honour, his word ;  
 Athirst for his favour,  
 His godhead adore ;  
 Look up to your Saviour,  
 And joy evermore !



## H Y M N 240. G R A C E.

1 R ICH grace, free grace most sweetly  
calls,  
Directly come who will;  
Just as you are, for CHRIST receives  
Poor helpless sinners still.

2 'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls;  
Grace keeps us only poor;  
And, O! that nothing else but grace  
May rule for evermore!

## H Y M N 241.

1 L O! to the hills I lift my eyes,  
Thy promis'd help I claim;  
Father of mercies, glorify  
The holy JESU's name.

2 Salvation in that name is found;  
Balm of my grief and care;  
A med'cine for my ev'ry wound,  
All, all I want is there.

## H Y M N 242.

1 S till, O LORD, our faith increase;  
C leanse from all unrighteousness;  
Thee, th' unholy cannot see;  
M ake, O make us meet for thee!

Ev'ry vile affection kill,  
Free our souls from ev'ry ill ;  
Conquer ev'ry reigning sin,  
Write thy law of love within.

2 Hence may all our actions flow,  
Love the proof that CHRIST we know,  
Mutual love the token be,  
LORD, that we belong to thee !  
Love, thine image, love impart,  
Stamp it on each face and heart ;  
Only love to us be giv'n,  
LORD, we ask no other heav'n.

## H Y M N 243.

## THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD RELIED ON,

1 OUR GOD! how firm his promise stands,  
Ew'n when he hides his face !  
He trusts in our redeemer's hands  
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,  
Since CHRIST and we are one ?  
Our God is faithful to his saints,  
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,  
And part of heav'n posses'd ;  
I'll praise him for his grace receiv'd,  
And trust him for the rest.

## HYMN 244.

CHRIST'S INTERCESSION.

HEBREWS vii. 25.

Dawn of hope my soul revives,  
 And banishes despair ;  
 yet for me IMMANUEL lives  
 To plead his potent pray'r.  
 spell then, LORD, these shades of night,  
 My sullen doubts remove ;  
 send a ray of heav'nly light,  
 And lead me to thy love.

## HYMN 245.

LAW AND GOSPEL.

THE law commands and makes us  
 know  
 what duties to our GOD we owe ;  
 it 'tis the gospel must reveal  
 where lies our strength to do his will.  
 The law discovers guilt and sin,  
 and shews how vile our hearts have been ;  
 only the gospel can express  
 forgiving love, and cleansing grace.

## H Y M N 246.

THE SAINTS DELIVERANCE  
AT DEATH. R E V . xxi. 4.

- 1 CHRIST's own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From ev'ry weeping eye;  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
And death itself shall die.
- 2 How long, dear Saviour, O how long,  
Shall this bright hour delay?  
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.

## H Y M N 247.

## THE SAINT'S SAFETY IN GOD.

- 1 HE that has made his refuge God,  
Shall find a most secure abode;  
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,  
And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Thrice happy man, thy maker's care  
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;  
Satan the fowler, who betrays  
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

## H Y M N 248. 243

3 What tho' a thousand at thy side,  
At thy right hand a thousand dy'd,  
Thy God his chosen people saves  
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves,

## H Y M N 248.

### T H E H E A R T D E V O T E D T O G O D.

1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;  
And ey'ry setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for thee.

3 But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds ?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;  
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,  
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

## H Y M N 249.

### T H E E V E R L A S T I N G C O V E N A N T.

2 S A M. xxiii. 5.

1 **T**HY word, O God, supports my faith,  
From thence my hope doth spring ;  
Founded alone on what God saith,  
My soul, adore and sing.

2 Thy word is truth, thy promise fast,  
Hence faith and hope abide :  
My soul in safety shall endure,  
Nought can from Christ divide.

## H Y M N 250. TO THE TRINITY.

1 BLESS'D be the FATHER, and his love,  
To whose celestial source we fly,  
Rivers of endless joy above,  
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,  
From whose dear wounded body rolls  
A precious stream of vital blood,  
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, SACRED SPIRIT, praise,  
Who in our hearts of sin and woe  
Mak'st living springs of grace arise,  
And into endless glory flow.

## H Y M N 251.

## COMFORT FOR MOURNERS.

1 WHERE are the mourners, says the  
LORD,  
That wait and tremble at my word ?  
That walk in darkness all the day ?  
Come make my name your trust and stay.

2 The softest couch that nature knows,  
Can give the conscience no repose :  
Look to my righteousness and live ;  
Comfort and peace are mine to give.

## H Y M N 252.

## GROWTH IN GRACE.

1 L ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand  
In gardens planted by thy hand ;  
Let me within thy courts be seen,  
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,  
Blest with thy influence from above ;  
Time, that does all things else impair,  
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

3 Laden with fruits of age, they shew  
The L ORD is holy, just and true :  
None that attend his gates, shall find  
A GOD unfaithful, or unkind.

## H Y M N 253. FREE GRACE.

1 W HY was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there's room ;  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come ?

2 'Twas the same love that made thefeat,  
 That sweetly forc'd us in;  
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,  
 And perish'd in our sin.

## H Y M N 254.

## COMPLEATNESS IN CHRIST.

1 **H**AD I ten thousand gifts beside,  
 I'd cleave to Jesus crucify'd,  
 And build on him alone:  
 For no foundation is there giv'n  
 On which I'd place my hopes of heav'n,  
 But CHRIST the corner-stone.

2 Possessing CHRIST, I all possess;  
 Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,  
 And sanctity complete:  
 Bold in his name I dare draw nigh,  
 Before the ruler of the sky,  
 And all his justice meet.

## H Y M N 255. THE PARADOX.

1 **H**ow strange is the course that a christian must steer?  
 How perplext is the path he must tread!  
 The hope of his happiness rises from fear,  
 And his life he receives from the dead.

H Y M N 256. 247

His fairest pretensions must wholly be  
wav'd;

And his best resolutions be crost;  
Nor can he expect to be perfectly sav'd,  
Till he find himself utterly lost.

When all this is done, and his heart is  
asur'd

Of the total remission of sins;  
When his pardon is sign'd, and his peace  
is procur'd,  
From that moment his conflict begins.

H Y M N 256.

TO THE HOLY GHOST.

COME, Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,  
Thine inward witness give,  
And to my inmost soul reveal  
The death by which I live.

Give me to understand that sound,  
Which told his mortal pain,  
Tore up the graves, and rent the ground,  
And broke the rocks in twain.

Repeat my dying Saviour's cry  
Unto my heart so loud,  
That my whole soul may now reply,  
" This was the Son of God."

## H Y M N 257.

## DESIRING COMMUNION WITH GOD.

- 1 MY rising soul with strong desires  
To perfect happiness aspires ;  
With steady steps wou'd tread the road  
That leads to heav'n; that leads to God.
- 2 I thirst to drink unmingled love  
From the pure fountain-head above ;  
My dearest LORD, I long to be  
Empty'd of sin, and full of thee.
- 3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn :  
Art thou withdrawn ? Again return ;  
Nor let me be the first to say,  
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

## H Y M N 258.

## SELF-EXAMINATION.

- 1 THY piercing eye, O GOD, surveys  
The various windings of my ways ;  
Teach me their tendency to know,  
And try the paths in which I go.
- 2 How wild, how crooked have they been ?  
A maze of foolishness and sin !  
With all the light I vainly boast,  
Leaving my guide, my soul is lost.

3 O turn me back to thee again !  
Or I shall search my ways in vain :  
Do thou the path of life reveal,  
And lead me up to Zion's hill.

## H Y M N 259. H e b . vi . 17—19.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove  
To rend my soul from thee, my God ?  
But everlasting is thy love,  
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;  
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,  
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

3 The gospel bears my spirits up ;  
A faithful, and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation for my hope,  
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

## H Y M N 260.

1 G LORY be to God on high, Hallelujah !  
God, whose glory fills the sky ;  
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,  
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.

2 Sov'reign Father, heav'ly King, Hail !  
Thee we now presume to sing ;  
Glad thine attributes confess,  
Glorious all, and numberless.

## 250 H Y M N 261.

3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd,Hal.  
Hail,  
Hail, the everlasting L O R D ;  
Thee, with thankful hearts we prove,  
L O R D of pow'r, and God of love !

## H Y M N 261. J o h n x i i i . 1.

1 **T**HIS God is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable friend ;  
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,  
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis J E S U S , the first and the last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come.

## H Y M N 262.

### A BLESSED GOSPEL.

1 **B**lest are the souls that hear and know  
The gospel's joyful sound ;  
Peace shall attend the path they go,  
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
Thro' their redeemer's name ;  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The LORD our glory and defence,  
Strength, and salvation gives ;  
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,  
Thy God for ever lives.

## H Y M N 263.

HUMAN WEAKNESS AND  
CHRIST'S STRENGTH.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,  
“Strength shall be equal to thy day;”  
Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,  
That CHRIST’s own pow’r may rest on me;  
When I am weak, then am I strong,  
Grace is my shield, and CHRIST my song.

## H Y M N 264. JOB v. 19.

1 WHY shou’d I doubt his love at last,  
With anxious thoughts perplext ?  
Who sav’d me in the troubles past,  
Will save me in the next :  
Will save, till at my latest hour,  
With more than conquest blest,  
I soar beyond temptation’s pow’r,  
To my redeemer’s breast.

## H Y M N 265.

Desiring Christ.

1 COME, O thou universal good !  
 Balm of the wounded conscience,  
 come !  
 The hungry, dying spirit's food ;  
 The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home ;  
 Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,  
 My everlasting rest, fresh sinless grace.

2 Come, O my comfort and delight !  
 My strength, and health, and thicke, and  
 sun ;  
 My boast, my confidence, and might,  
 My joy, my glory, and my crown ;  
 My gospel-hope, my calling's prize,  
 My tree of life, my paradise.

## H Y M N 266. S A V A T I O N.

1 SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !  
 What pleasure to our souls !  
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation ! let the echo fly  
 The spacious earth around,  
 While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb !  
 To thee the praise belongs :  
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
 And dwell upon our tongues.

## H Y M N . 267.

## EVERY CREATURE AT GOD'S COMMAND.

1 E LIJAH's example declares,  
 Whatever distress may betide,  
 The saints may commit all their cares  
 To him who will always provide.  
 When rain long withheld from the earth  
 Occasion'd a famine of bread,  
 The prophet, secur'd from the dearth,  
 By ravens was constantly fed.

2 More likely to rob than to feed,  
 Were ravens who live upon prey ;  
 But where the L ORD 's people have need,  
 His goodness will find out a way.  
 This instance, to those may seem strange,  
 Who know not how faith can prevail ;  
 But sooner all nature shall change,  
 Than one of God's promises fail.

3 Nor is it a singular case ;  
 The wonder is often renew'd ;  
 And many may say to God's praise,  
 By ravens he sendeth them food.

Thus worldlings, tho' ravens indeed,  
 Tho' greedy and selfish their mind,  
 If God has a servant to feed,  
 Against their own wills can be kind.

4 Thus Satan, the raven unclean,  
     That croaks in the ears of the saints,  
     O'errule'd by a power unseen,  
         Administers oft to their wants :  
     God teaches them how to find food  
         From all the temptations they feel :  
     This raven who thirsts for my blood,  
         Has help'd me to many a meal.

5 How safe and how happy are they  
     Who on the good Shepherd rely !  
     He'll give them out strength for their day,  
         Their wants he will surely supply.  
     He ravens and lions can tame ;  
         All creatures obey his command :  
     Then let me rejoice in his name,  
         And leave all my cares in his hand.

## H Y M N 268.

## V A N I T Y O F T H E W O R L D .

1 GOD gives his mercies to be spent,  
     Your hoard will do your soul no good;  
     Gold is a blessing only lent,  
         Repaid by giving others food.

- 2 The world's esteem is but a bribe :  
 To buy their peace you'll sell your own;  
 The slave of a vainglorious tribe,  
 Who hate you while they make you known.
- 3 The joy that vain amusements give,  
 O sad conclusion that it brings ;  
 The honey of a crowded hive,  
 Defended by a thousand stings.
- 4 'Tis thus the world rewards the fools  
 That live upon her treach'rous smiles ;  
 She leads them blindfold by her rules,  
 And ruins all whom she beguiles.
- 5 God knows the thousands who go down  
 From pleasure into endlefs woe :  
 They give a long despairing groan,  
 And dread their Maker as they go.
- 6 O fearful thought ! be timely wise,  
 Delight but in a Saviour's charms,  
 And God shall take you to the skies,  
 Embrac'd in everlasting arms.

- 1 COME, guilty souls, and flee away,  
 Like doves, to JESU's wounds ;  
 This is the welcome gospel-day,  
 Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son  
 To drink the cup of wrath;  
 And Jesus says he'll cast out none  
 That come to him by faith.

## H Y M N 270.

## S E L F - A C Q U A I N T A N C E .

1 DEAR LORD, accept a sinful heart  
 Which of itself complains,  
 And mourns with much & frequent smart,  
 The evil it contains.

2 Those fiery seeds of anger lurk,  
 That often hurt my frame,  
 And wait but for the tempter's work  
 To fan them to a flame.

3 Legality holds out a bribe  
 To purchase life from thee,  
 And discontent would fain prescribe  
 How thou shalt deal with me.

4 While unbelief withstands thy grace,  
 And puts the mercy by,  
 Presumption with a brow of brass  
 Says, Give me, or I die.

5 How eager are my thoughts to roam  
 In quest of what they love!  
 But ah! when duty calls them home,  
 How heavily they move?

O cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,  
 Transform me by thy power,  
 And make me thy belov'd abode,  
 And let me rove no more.

## H Y M N 271.

## THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER'S UNIFORM.

Dress uniform the soldiers wear  
 When duty calls abroad ;  
 Not purchas'd at their cost or care,  
 But by the Prince bestow'd.

CHRIST's soldiers too, if christ-like bred,  
 Have regimental dress ;  
 'Tis linen white, and fac'd with red,  
 'Tis CHRIST's own righteousness.

A rich and sightly robe it is,  
 And to the soldier dear ;  
 No rose can learn to blush like this,  
 Nor lily look so fair.

'Tis wrought by JESU's skilful hand,  
 And ting'd with his own blood ;  
 It makes the cherubs gazing stand  
 To view this robe of GOD.

No art of man can weave this robe,  
 'Tis of such texture fine ;  
 Nor could the wealth of all the globe  
 By purchase make it mine.

6 'Tis of one piece, and wove throughout;  
     So curious wove, that none  
     Can dress up in this seamless coat,  
     Till Jesus put it on.

7 This vesture never waxeth old,  
     No spot thereon can fall ;  
     It makes a soldier brisk and bold,  
     And dutiful withal.

8 This robe put on me, LORD, each day  
     And it shall hide my shame ;  
     Shall make me fight, and sing, and pray  
     And bless my Captain's name.

## H Y M N. 272.

1 C onfirm the hope thy word allows,  
     Behold us waiting to be fed,  
     Bless the provision of thy house,  
     And satisfy thy poor with bread.

2 Drawn by thy invitation, LORD,  
     Athirst and hungry we are come :  
     Now from the fulness of thy word,  
     Feast us, and send us thankful home.

## H Y M N. 273.

## LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

1 G OD moves in a mysterious way,  
     His wonders to perform ;  
     He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
     And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
     Of never-failing skill,  
     He treasures up his bright designs,  
     And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
     The clouds ye so much dread  
     Are big with mercy, and shall break  
     In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the L O R D by feeble sense,  
     But trust him for his grace ;  
     Behind a frowning providence  
     He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
     Unfolding every hour;  
     The bud may have a bitter taste,  
     But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
     And scan his work in vain :  
     G O D is his own interpreter,  
     And he will make it plain.

1 T H E moon has but a borrow'd light,  
     A faint and feeble ray ;  
     She owes her beauty to the night,  
     And hides herself by day.

2 No chearing warmth her beam convey,  
     Tho' pleasing to behold :  
     We shght upon her brightness gaze  
     Till we were starv'd with cold.

3 Just such is all the light to man  
     Which reason can impart ;  
     It cannot shew one object plain,  
     Nor warm the frozen heart.

4 Thus moonlight-views of truth divine  
     To many fatal prove ;  
     For what avails in gifts to shine,  
     Without a spark of love ?

5 The gospel, like the sun at noon,  
     Affords a glorious light :  
     Then human reason's boasted moon  
     Appears no longer bright.

6 And grace, not only light beftows,  
     But adds a quick'ning pow'r ;  
     The desert blossoms like the rose,  
     And sin prevails no more.

## H Y M N 275.

## COMFORT FOR WEAK BELIEVERS.

1 YE lambs of CHRIST's fold,  
     Ye weaklings in faith,  
     Who long to lay hold  
     On life by his death ;

fain wou'd believe him,  
nd in your best room,  
i'd gladly receive him,  
ut fear to presume.

ember one thing,  
) may it sink deep  
Shepherd and King  
ares much for his sheep.  
rust him endeavour ;  
he work is his own :  
akes the believer,  
nd gives him his crown.

le feeble desires,  
ho'se wishes so weak,  
Jesus inspires,  
nd bids you still seek.  
Spirit will cherish  
he life he first gave :  
never shall perish,  
Jesus can save.

lambs are preserv'd,  
ho' helpless in kind ;  
n lions are starv'd,  
ey nourishment find :  
r Shepherd upholds them,  
hen faint, in his arms ;  
feeds them and folds them,  
nd guards them from harms.

**262**      H Y M N **276.**

**5** Blest soul, that can say,  
    “ CHRIST only I seek ; ”  
Wait for him alway,  
    Be constant, tho’ weak :  
The LORD whom thou seekest  
    Will not tarry long ;  
And to him the weakest  
    Is dear as the strong.

**H Y M N 276.**

**THE WORD OF GOD MORE PRECIOUS  
THAN GOLD.**

**1** Precious Bible ! what a treasure  
    Does the word of God afford ?  
All I want for life or pleasure,  
    Food & MED'CINE, SHIELD & SWORD.  
Let the world account me poor,  
    Having this I need no more.

**2** Food to which the world's a stranger,  
    Here my hungry soul enjoys ;  
Of excess there is no danger,  
    Tho' it fills, it never cloys.  
On a dying CHRIST I feed,  
    Here is meat and drink indeed.

**3** When my faith is faint and sickly,  
    Or when Satan wounds my mind,  
Cordials to revive me quickly,  
    Healing MED'CINES here I find :  
To the promises I flee,  
    Each affords a remedy.

In the hour of dark temptation  
Satan cannot make me yield ;  
For the word of consolation  
Is to me a mighty SHIELD.  
While the scripture-truths endure,  
From his pow'r I'm secure.

Vain his threats to overcome me,  
When I take the Spirit's SWORD,  
Then with ease I drive him from me,  
Satan trembles at the word :  
'Tis a sword for conquest made,  
Keen the edge, and sharp the blade.

Shall I envy then the miser  
Doating on his golden store ?  
Sure I am, or shou'd be wiser ;  
I am rich, 'tis he is poor.  
Jesus gives me in his word  
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

Y M N 277. AT DISMISSION.

Dismis us with thy blessing, LORD ;  
Help us to feed upon thy word ;  
All that has been amis, forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.

Tho' we are guilty, thou art good ;  
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood ;  
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,  
And bid us all DEPART IN PEACE.

## H Y M N 278. ANOTHER.

1 JESUS, knit all our hearts to thee;  
     And join us all in one;  
     In our assemblies, ev'ry where,  
     Be thou our aim alone.

2 Reign thou sole monarch of our hearts;  
     And we, as sinners, lie  
     Before the feet of thee, our LORD,  
     To all eternity.

## H Y M N 279. ANOTHER

1 FATHER, before we hence depart  
     Send thy good Spirit down;  
     Let him reside in ev'ry heart,  
     And bless the seed that's sown.

2 Thou fountain of eternal love,  
     Who gav'st thy Son to die;  
     O let thy Spirit from above,  
     Enlighten and apply.

## H Y M N 280. ANOTHER

1 ONCE more before we part  
     We'll bless the Saviour's Name;  
     Record his mercies ev'ry heart,  
     Sing ev'ry tongue the same.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,  
And feed thereon, and grow ;  
Go on to seek to know the L ORD,  
And practise what you know.

H Y M N 281.

A T THE S A C R A M E N T.

T HIS day the L ORD of hosts invites  
Unto a costly feast ;  
I wou'd take care, and well prepare  
To be a welcome guest.

Awake, repentance, faith, and love ;  
Awake, O ev'ry grace ;  
To meet your L ORD, with one accord,  
In his most holy place.

Worldly distraction, stay behind,  
Below the mount abide ;  
Cause no disturbance in my mind,  
To make my Saviour chide.

O come, my L ORD, the time draws nigh  
That I am to receive ;  
Stand with my pardon sealed by,  
Persuade me to believe.

Let not my JESUS now be strange,  
Nor hide himself from me ;  
But cause thy face to shine upon  
The soul that longs for thee.

**266            H Y M N 282.**

6 Come, blessed Spirit, from above,  
    My soul do thou inspire,  
    T' approach the table of the L ORD  
        With fulnes of desire.

7 O let our entertainment now  
    Be so exceeding sweet,  
    That we may long to come again,  
        And at thine altar meet.

**H Y M N 282.**

**FOR THE LOVE OF C HRIST.**

1 COME, dearest L ORD, descend, and dwell  
    By faith and love in ev'ry breast!  
    Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,  
        The joys that cannot be expres'd.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength;  
    Make our enlarged souls posses,  
    And learn the height, and breadth, and  
        length  
        Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do  
    More than our thoughts and wishes know,  
    Be everlasting honours done,  
        By all the church, thro' C HRIST the Son.



## H Y M N 283.

## PLEADING CHRIST.

- 1 FATHER, God, who see'st in me  
Only sin and misery,  
See thine own anointed One,  
Look on thy beloved Son.
- 2 Turn from me thy glorious eyes,  
To that bloody sacrifice ;  
To that full atonement made,  
To that utmost ransom paid.
- 3 To the blood that speaks above,  
Calls for thy forgiving love ;  
To the tokens of his death,  
Here exhibited beneath.
- 4 Hear his blood's prevailing cry,  
Let thy bowels then reply ;  
Then thro' him the sinner see,  
Then in JESUS look on me !

## H Y M N 284. TO C H R I S T.

LAMB of God, for whom we languish,  
 Make thy grief  
 Our relief,  
 Ease us by thine anguish.

**268            H Y M N 285.**

**2 O our agonizing Saviour !**

    By thy pain

    Let us gain

God's eternal favour.

**3 In thine own appointment bless us**

    Meet us here

    Now appear

Out Almighty JESUS !

**4 Let the ordinance be sealing ;**

    Enter now,

    Claim us thou

For thy constant dwelling.

**5 Fill the heart of each believer ;**

    We are thine,

    Love divine

Reign in us for ever.

**H Y M N 285.**

**A S S U R A N C E   O F   P A R D O N .**

**1 L**ORD, how divine thy comforts  
    How heav'ly is the place  
Where JESUS spreads the sacred feast  
    Of his redeeming grace ?

**2** “Here” (says the kind redeeming L  
    And shews his wounded side)  
“ See here the spring of all your joy  
    “ That open'd when I dy'd.”

## H Y M N 286. 269

iles, and chears my mournful heart,  
d tells of all his pain ;  
this, says he, I bore for thee,”  
d then he smiles again.

shall we pay our heav’ly King,  
grace so vast as this ?  
ings our pardon to our eyes,  
d feals it with a kiss.

ich amazing loves as these  
ounded all abroad,  
favours are beyond degrees,  
d worthy of a GOD.

m, that wash’d us in his blood  
everlasting praise,  
ion, honour, glory, pow’r,  
rnal as his days.

## H Y M N 286.

U, dear redeeming LORD,  
agnify thy dying word ;  
ne ordinance appear,  
and meet thy followers here.

rite thou hast enjoin’d,  
s now our Saviour find ;  
thy blood for sinners shed,  
thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare,  
 Thou thy pard'ning grace declare,  
 Thou that hast for sinners dy'd,  
 Shew thyself the Crucify'd !

4 All the guilt of sin remove,  
 Fill us with thy heav'nly love,  
 Stamp us with the stamp divine,  
 Seal us, LORD, for ever thine.

## H Y M N 287.

## THE TRIUMPHAL FEAST.

1 THE LORD, how glorious is his face!  
 How kind his smiles appear !  
 And O ! what melting words he says,  
 To ev'ry humble ear !

2 " For you, the children of my love,  
 " It was for you I dy'd ;  
 " Behold my bleeding hands and feet,  
 " And look into my side.

3 " These are the wounds for you I bore,  
 " The tokens of my pains,  
 " When I came down to free your souls  
 " From misery and chains.

4 " Justice unsheathe'd its fiery sword,  
 " And plung'd it in my heart :  
 " Infinite pangs for you I bore,  
 " And most tormenting smart.

“ When hell and all its spiteful pow’rs  
    “ Stood dreadful in my way ;  
“ To rescue those dear lives of yours,  
    “ I gave my own away.  
“ But while I bled, & groan’d, & dy’d,  
    “ I ruin’d Satan’s throne ;  
“ High on my cross I hung, and spy’d  
    “ The monster tumbling down.”

Victorious GOD ! what can we pay  
For favours so divine ?  
Here, LORD, we give our souls away,  
To be for ever thine.

H Y M N 288. ISAIAH liii. 6.

A RISE, my soul, with wonder see,  
What love divine for thee hath done;  
Behold thy sorrow, sin, and grief,  
Are laid on God’s eternal Son.

See ! from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingling down ;  
Did e’er such love with sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so bright a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## H Y M N 289.

- 1 GOD of all-redeeming grace,  
By thy pard'ning love compell'd,  
Up to thee our souls we raise,  
Up to thee our bodies yield.
- 2 Thou our sacrifice receive,  
Acceptable thro' thy Son ;  
While to thee alone we live,  
While we die to thee alone.
- 3 Just it is, and good and right,  
That we shou'd be wholly thine,  
In thine only will delight,  
In thy blessed service join.
- 4 O that ev'ry thought and word  
Might proclaim how good thou art ;  
**HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD,**  
Still be written on our heart !

## H Y M N 290.

- 1 TOgether with these symbols, LORD,  
Thy blessed self impart ;  
And let thy very flesh and blood  
Feed the believing heart.
- 2 Let us from all our sins be wash'd  
In thy redeeming blood ;  
And let thy Spirit be the seal,  
That we are sons of GOD.

Come, holy Ghost, with JESU's love,  
Prepare us for this feast;  
And let us banquet with our LORD,  
And lean upon his breast.

H Y M N 291.

- 1 ALL praise to the LORD,  
All praise is his due,  
To day is his word  
Of promise found, true;  
We, we are the nations  
Presented to God;  
Well-pleasing oblations  
Thro' JESUS's blood.
- 2 Poor Gentiles from far  
To Jesus we came,  
And offer'd we are  
To God thro' his name;  
To God thro' the Spirit  
Ourselves do we give,  
And sav'd by the merit  
Of Jesus we live.



## H Y M N 292.

1 **O**ur Shepherd alone,  
     The LORD, let us bless ;  
     Who sits on the throne,  
         The Prince of our peace ;  
     Who evermore saves us  
         By shedding his blood ;  
     All hail, holy JESUS,  
         Our LORD, and our GOD !

2 We daily will sing  
     Thy merits and praise,  
     Thou merciful spring  
         Of pity and grace :  
     Thy kindness for ever  
         To men we will tell,  
     And say our dear Saviour  
         Redeems us from hell.

3 Preserve us in love  
     While here we abide,  
     Nor ever remove,  
         Nor cover, nor hide  
     Thy glorious salvation,  
         Till joyful we see  
     The beautiful vision  
         Compleated in thee!



## H Y M N 293.

**T**hou very paschal Lamb,  
Whose blood for us was shed,  
Bro' whom we out of Egypt came,  
Thy ransom'd people lead !

Angel of gospel-grace,  
Fulfil thy character ;  
guard and feed thy chosen race,  
In Israel's camp appear.

Throughout the desert-way  
Conduct us by thy light !  
thou a cooling cloud by day,  
A chearing fire by night.

Our fainting souls sustain  
With blessings from above,  
And ever on thy people rain  
The manna of thy love.

## H Y M N 294.

**J**esus invites his saints  
To meet around his board ;  
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold  
Communion with their LORD.

or food he gives his flesh ;  
He bids us drink his blood ;  
azing favour ! matchless grace  
If our descending GOD !

## 276 H Y M N 295.

3 Let all our pow'rs be join'd  
 His glorious name to raise ;  
 Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,  
 And ev'ry voice be praise.

## H Y M N 295.

1 O Jesus, my hope,  
 For men offer'd up,  
 Who with clamour pursu'd thee  
 To Calvary's top.

2 The blood thou hast shed,  
 For me let it plead,  
 And declare thou hast dy'd  
 In thy murderers' stead.

3 Thy blood, which alone  
 For sin cou'd atone,  
 For the infinite evil  
 I madly have done ;

4 That only can seal  
 My pardon, and fill  
 My heart with a pow'r  
 Of obeying thy will.

5 Now, now let me know  
 Its virtue below,  
 Let it wash me, and I  
 Shall be whiter than snow.

6 Let it hallow my heart,  
And throughly convert,  
And make me, O LORD,  
In this world as thou art.

7 Each moment apply'd  
My weakness to hide,  
Thy blood be upon me,  
And always abide.

8 My Advocate prove  
With the Father above,  
And raise me at last  
To the throne of thy love.

## H Y M N 296.

## DEDICATION TO GOD.

1 A ll glory and praise  
To th' Ancient of days,  
Who was born and was slain  
To redeem a lost race.

2 Salvation to God,  
Who carry'd our load,  
And purchas'd our peace  
With the price of his blood.

3 And shall he not have  
The lives which he gave  
Such an infinite ransom  
For ever to save ?

4 Yes, LORD, we are thine,  
 And gladly resign  
 Our souls to be fill'd  
 With the fulness divine.

5 We yield thee thine own,  
 We'd serve thee alone,  
 Thy will upon earth  
 As in heav'n be done.

6 How, when it shall be,  
 We cannot foresee;  
 But O ! let us live,  
 Let us die unto thee !

1 THANKFUL for our ev'ry blessing,  
 Let us sing  
 CHRIST the spring,  
 Never, never ceasing !

2 Source of all our gifts and graces,  
 CHRIST we own,  
 CHRIST alone  
 Calls for all our praises.

3 He dispels our sin and sadness,  
 Life imparts,  
 Chears our hearts,  
 Fills with food and gladness.

He himself for us hath given,  
 Us he feeds,  
 Us he leads  
 To a feast in heaven.

## H Y M N 298.

- 1 FATHER of mankind,  
 Be ever ador'd ;  
 Thy mercy we find  
 In sending our LORD  
 To ransom and bless us ;  
 Thy goodness we praise  
 For sending in JESUS  
 Salvation by grace.
- 2 O Son of his love,  
 Who deignest to die,  
 Our curse to remove,  
 Our pardon to buy ;  
 Accept our thanksgiving,  
 Almighty to save,  
 Who openest heaven  
 To all that believe.
- 3 O Spirit of love,  
 Of health and of pow'r,  
 Thy working we prove,  
 Thy grace we adore :  
 Whose inward revealing  
 Applies our LORD's blood,  
 Attesting and sealing  
 Us children of GOD.

## H Y M N 299.

1 O Let thy love our hearts constrain,  
JESUS, the crucify'd !  
What hast thou done our hearts to gain?  
Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd !

2 Us into closest union draw,  
And in our inward parts  
Let kindness sweetly write her law,  
Let love command our hearts.

3 Who wou'd not now pursue the way  
Where JESU's footsteps shine ?  
Who wou'd not own the pleasing sway  
Of charity divine ?

4 O let us find the ancient way,  
Our wond'ring foes to move,  
And force a frowning world to say,  
SEE HOW THESE CHRISTIANS LOVE !

## H Y M N 300.

1 L ORD help us on thy love to feed ;  
In peace dismiss us hence ;  
Be thou, in ev'ry time of need,  
Our refuge and defence.

2 We now desire to bless thy name,  
And in our hearts record,  
And with our thankful tongues proclaim  
The goodness of the L ORD.

## H Y M N 301.

**C**OME, O my soul, and sing  
 How JESUS hath thee fed ;  
 How JESUS gave himself for thee,  
 The true and living bread.

I love my Saviour CHRIST ;  
 His grace did freely move,  
 And justly my affections claim ;  
 I cannot help but love.

I love thee, O my LORD ;  
 I gladly thee adore :  
 O may I never turn again !  
 But love thee more and more.

O raise my feeble flame ;  
 My little stock improve :  
 Increase my ardour day by day,  
 And change me all to love.

## H Y M N 302.

**O**UR lives, our blood, we here present,  
 If for thy sake they may be spent ;  
 Fulfil thy sov'reign counsel, LORD,  
 Thy will be done, thy name ador'd.

Give us thy strength, thou God of pow'r ;  
 Then let men scorn, and Satan roar ;  
 Thy faithful witnesses we'll be :  
 'Tis fix'd—we can do all thro' thee.

## H Y M N 303.

- 1 **H** ELP us to help each other, **LORD,**  
Each other's cross to bear;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel another's care.
- 2 Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock improve;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.
- 3 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,  
Receive thy ready bride;  
Give us in heav'n a happy lot,  
With all the sanctify'd.

## H Y M N 304.

## M O R N I N G.

- 1 **R** ISE, my soul, adore thy Maker;  
Angels praise join thy lays,  
With them be partaker.
- 2 Sov'reign **LORD** of ev'ry spirit,  
In thy light lead me right,  
Thro' my Saviour's merit.
- 3 Thou this night wast my protector,  
With me stay all this day,  
Ever my director.

‡ Leave me not, but ever love me;  
 Let thy peace be my bliss,  
 Till thou hence remove me.

5 Holy, holy, holy Giver  
 Of all good, life and food,  
 Reign ador'd for ever.

6 Glory, honour, thanks, and blessing,  
 One in Three, give we thee,  
 Never, never ceasing.

## H Y M N 305.

## E V E N I N G.

1 E RE I sleep for ev'ry favour  
 This day shew'd me by my GOD,  
 I will bless my Saviour.

2 O my LORD! what shall I render  
 To thy name, still the same,  
 Gracious, good and tender.

3 Leave me not, but ever love me;  
 Let thy peace be my bliss,  
 Till thou hence remove me.

4 Visit me with thy salvation;  
 Let thy care now be near;  
 Round my habitation.

5 Thou, my rock, my guard, my tow'r;  
 Safely keep, while I sleep,  
 Me, with all thy pow'r.

6 And, whene'er in death I slumber,  
 Let me rise with the wise,  
 Counted in their number.

## H Y M N 306.

## E V E N I N G.

1 DREAD Sovereign let my evening song  
 Like holy incense rise ;  
 Assist the offerings of my tongue  
 To reach the lofty skies.

2 Thro' all the dangers of the day  
 Thy Hand was still my guard,  
 And still to drive my wants away,  
 Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above,  
 Incompas me around ;  
 But O how few returns of love  
 Hath my Creator found ?

4 What have I done for him that dy'd  
 To save my wretched soul ?  
 How are my follies multiply'd,  
 Fast as my minutes roll !

5 LORD, with this guilty heart of mine  
 To thy dear croſs I flee,  
 And to thy grace my soul resign,  
 To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,  
I lay me down to rest,  
As in th' embraces of my God,  
Or on my Saviour's breast.

H Y M N. 307. THE SAME.

1 NO farther go to-night, but stay,  
Dear Saviour, till the break of day ;  
Turn in, dear LORD, with me :  
And in the morning when I wake,  
Me in thine arms, my JESUS, take,  
And I'll go on with thee.

H Y M N 308.

M O R N I N G.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,  
Live this day as if 'twere thy last ;  
T' improve thy talents take due care,  
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;  
Think how th' all-seeing GOD thy ways,  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Glory to God, who safe hath kept,  
And hath refresh'd me while I slept ;  
Grant, L ORD, when I from death shall  
wake,  
I may of endless life partake.

5 Direct, controul, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## H Y M N 309.

## E V E N I N G.

1 G LORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, L ORD, for thy dear Son,  
Whatever ills this day I've done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Triumphing rise at the last day.

- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close ;  
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,  
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;  
Let no vain dreams disturb my rest,  
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## H Y M N 310.

## L O R D ' S D A Y M O R N I N G .

- 1 To-day God bids the faithful rest,  
To day he shew'rs his grace ;  
“ Seek ye my face,” the Lord hath said :  
Lord, we will seek thy face.
- 2 Come, let us leave the things of earth,  
With God's assembly join ;  
Lo ! heaven descends to welcome man  
To taste the things divine !
- 3 We come, dear Saviour, lo ! we come,  
Lord of our life and soul ;  
We come diseas'd, and faint, and sick ;  
Be pleas'd to make us whole.

4 We thirst, and fly to thee, O Lord,  
     Thou fountain-head of good ;  
     Filthy we come, and all unclean ;  
     O cleanse us in thy blood.

5 O may we please our God to-day,  
     May that be all our care !  
     Give, Lord, thy grace, lest evil thoughts  
     Should mingle in our pray'r.

6 Amidst th' assembly of thy saints  
     Let us be faithful found ;  
     And let us join in humble pray'r,  
     And in thy praise abound.

7 Let thy good Spirit help our souls  
     With faith thy word to hear ;  
     Be with us in thy temple, Lord,  
     And let us find thee near.

## H Y M N 3II.

## LORD'S DAY EVENING.

1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I  
     Behold thee all serene ;  
     Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,  
     Without a veil between ?

2 Assist me while I wander here,  
     Amidst a world of cares ;  
     Incline my heart to pray with love,  
     And then accept my pray'rs.

1 Release my soul from ev'ry chain,  
     No more hell's captive led ;  
     And pardon a repenting child,  
     For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, O God, O spare the soul  
     That gives itself to thee ;  
     Take all that I possess below,  
     And give thyself to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,  
     To be my guide and friend ;  
     To light my way to ceaseless joys,  
     Where sabbaths never end.

## H Y M N 312.

## FOR NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

1 AND now, my soul, another year  
     Of thy short life is past ;  
     I cannot long continue here,  
     And this may be my last.

2 Much of my dubious life is gone,  
     Nor will return again ;  
     And swift my passing moments run,  
     The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care  
     Thy true condition learn ;  
     What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,  
     And what thy great concern.

O

4 Now a new scene of time begins,  
     Set out afresh for heaven ;  
     Seek pardon for thy former sins,  
     In CHRIST so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
     And on his grace depend ;  
     With zeal pursue the heav'ly road,  
     Nor doubt a happy end.

## H Y M N 313. ANOTHER.

1 THE LORD of earth and sky,  
     The GOD of ages praise !  
     Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
     Ancient of endless days ;  
     Who lengthens out our trial here,  
     And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,  
     We cumber'd long the ground ;  
     No fruit of holiness  
         On our dead souls was found ;  
     Yet did he us in mercy spare  
     Another, and another year.

3 When justice bare'd the sword,  
     To cut the fig-tree down,  
     The pity of our LORD  
         Cry'd—" Let it still alone :"  
     The Father mild inclin'd his ear,  
     And spar'd us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood  
 From God obtain'd the grace,  
 Who therefore hath bestow'd  
 On us a longer space :  
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,  
 And lo ! we see another year.

5 Then dig about our root,  
 Break up our fallow ground,  
 And let our gracious fruit  
 To thy great praise abound.  
 O let us all thy praise declare,  
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

## H Y M N 314.

## A N O T H E R.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun  
 Hasted thro' the former year,  
 Many souls their race have run,  
 Never more to meet us here :  
 Fix'd in an eternal state,  
 They have done with all below ;  
 We a little longer wait,  
 But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies  
 Speedily the mark to find,  
 As the light'ning from the skies  
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;

Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
 Upwards, L O R D , our Spirits raise ;  
 All below is but a dream,

3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
 Pardon of our sins renew ;  
 Teach us henceforth how to live  
 With eternity in view.  
 Bless the W o r d to young and old,  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
 And when life's short tale is told,  
 May we dwell with thee above.

## H Y M N 315.

## C I R C U M C I S I O N .

1 S EE, my soul, with wonder see  
 The incarnate Deity ;  
 Human nature he assumes,  
 He to ransom sinners comes :  
 He was not conceiv'd in sin,  
 He was infinitely clean ;  
 Him no sinful spot disguis'd,  
 Yet, lo ! he was circumcis'd

2 He fulfill'd all righteousness,  
 Standing in our legal place ;  
 From the manger to the cross,  
 All he did he did for us :

He did all our woes retrieve,  
 He expir'd that we might live ;  
 By his stripes our wounds are heal'd,  
 By his blood our peace is seal'd.

3 JESU's pain procures our ease ;  
 JESU's death is our release ;  
 JESU's cross obtains our crown ;  
 JESU's sepulchre our throne :  
 LORD, conform us to thy death,  
 Bid our sins yield up their breath ;  
 By thy resurrection's pow'r  
 Make our souls to glory soar.

4 Circumcise our filthy hearts ;  
 Purify our inward parts ;  
 LORD, destroy the carnal mind,  
 That in thee we peace may find :  
 In thy righteousness array'd,  
 Let us triumph, and be glad ;  
 Let us walk with thee in white,  
 Let us see thy face in light.



## H Y M N 316.

## E P I P H A N Y.

- 1 Sons of men, behold from far,  
    Hail the long-expected star ;  
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,  
    Guides bewilder'd nature right.
- 2 Fear not hence that there shall flow  
    Wars, or pestilence below ;  
Wars it bids and tumults cease,  
    Ush'ring in the Prince of peace.
- 3 Mild he shines on all beneath,  
    Piercing thro' the shades of death ;  
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,  
    Kindling darkness into light.
- 4 Nations all, far off and near,  
    Haste to see your God appear ;  
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,  
    Meet him manifested there.
- 5 There behold the Day-spring rise,  
    Pouring eye-sight on your eyes ;  
God in his own light survey,  
    Shining to the perfect day.
- 6 Sing, ye morning-stars, again ;  
    God descends on earth to reign !  
Deigns for man his life t' employ,  
    Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

## G O O D-F R I D A Y.

1 **A** LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?  
     And did my Sov'reign die ?  
     Wou'd he devote that sacred head  
     For such a worm as I ?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
     He groan'd upon the tree ?  
     Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
     And love beyond degree !

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
     And shut his glories in ;  
     When CHRIST the mighty Maker dy'd,  
     For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
     While his dear cross appears ;  
     Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
     And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
     The debt of love I owe ;  
     Here, LORD, I give myself away,  
     'Tis all that I can do.

## H Y M N 318.

REPENTANCE AT THE CROSS.

- 1 O ! If my soul was form'd for wo,  
How wou'd I vent my sighs !  
Repentance should like rivers flow  
From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins my dearest LORD  
Hung on the cursed tree,  
And groan'd away a dying life,  
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O how I hate those lusts of mine  
That crucify'd my GOD ;  
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd hi  
Flesh Fast to the fatal wood.
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,  
My heart hath so decreed ;  
Nor will I spare those guilty things  
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst with a melting, broken heart,  
My murder'd LORD I view,  
I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
And slay the murd'fers too.



## H Y M N 319.

## IT IS FINISHED.

1 "TIS FINISH'D," the Redeemer said,  
And meekly bow'd his dying head;  
Whilst we this sentence scan,  
Come, sinners, and observe the word,  
Behold the conquests of the LORD,  
Compleat for helpless man.

2 FINISH'D the righteousness of grace,  
FINISH'D for sinners pard'ning peace;  
Their mighty debt is paid:  
Accusing law cancell'd by blood,  
And wrath of an offending God,  
In sweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now shall urge a second claim?  
The law no longer can condemn;  
Faith a release can shew:  
Justice itself a friend appears,  
The prison-house a whisper hears,  
"Loose him, and let him go."

4 O unbelief, injurious bar!  
Source of tormenting, fruitless fear,  
Why dost thou yet reply?  
Where'er thy loud objections fall,  
"TIS FINISH'D," still may answer all,  
And silence ev'ry cry.

5 His toil divinely finish'd stands,  
 But ah! the praise his work demands,  
     Careful may we attend !  
 Conclusion to our souls be this,  
 Because salvation finish'd is,  
     Our thanks shall never end.

## H Y M N 320

## THE GRAVE SANCTIFIED BY CHRIST.

1 Why do we mourn departing friends,  
     Or shake at death's alarms ?  
     'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
         To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey  
     Their bodies to the tomb ?  
     There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
         And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all the saints he blest,  
     And soft'ned ev'ry bed :  
     Where should the dying members rest,  
         But with the dying head ?

4 Thence he arose and burst the chain,  
     To shew our feet the way  
     From shades where death and darkness  
         reign,  
     To realms of endless day.

5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid his kindred rise ;  
Awake, ye nations under ground,  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

CHRIST PIERCED.

1 IS there a thing beneath the sky  
Can comfort bring, or satisfy,  
But our dear Saviour's wounds ?  
Here is a sweet and constant peace,  
A treasure full of richest grace ;  
All else are empty sounds.

2 Attend, my soul, sink down with shame  
Before his face, who only came  
To suffer, bleed, and die :  
O think upon thy sin and guilt,  
For which his precious blood was spilt ;  
Thou didst him crucify.

3 See, thou vile piece of sinful dust,  
Thy dearest LORD sweat for thy lust  
Till drops of blood fall down !  
See how he yonder prostrate lies !  
Observe his mournful pray'rs and cries,  
Mark ev'ry tear and groan !

4 See thy dear L<sup>O</sup>R<sup>D</sup> dragg'd like a thief,  
 Amidst contempt, and stripes, and grief,  
 For thee a sacrifice :  
 Fasten'd unto the shameful wood,  
 Despis'd by men, and bath'd in blood,  
 So dear thy ransom-price !

5 L<sup>O</sup>R<sup>D</sup> dost thou suffer thus for me,  
 Dost thou feel all this misery,  
 To give me life and peace !  
 Then let me bear it on my heart,  
 My all is purchas'd with thy smart,  
 Thy blood signs my release.

## H Y M N 322.

I S A I A H liii.

1 W<sup>H</sup>o hath our report believed ?  
 Shiloh come, is not received,  
 Not received by his own ;  
 Promis'd Branch from root of Jesse,  
 David's offspring sent to bleſs ye,  
 Come too meekly to be known.

2 Like a tender plant that's growing  
 Where no water's friendly flowing,  
 No kind rains refresh the ground :  
 Drooping, dying we shall view him,  
 See no charm to draw us to him,  
 There no beauty will be found,

1 Lo ! Messiah unrespected,  
 Man of griefs, despis'd, rejected ;  
     Wounds his form disfig'ring,  
 Marr'd his visage more than any,  
 For he bears the sins of many,  
     All our sorrows carrying.

4 No deceit his mouth had spoken,  
 Blameless, he no law had broken ;  
     Yet was number'd with the worst :  
 For, because the L ORD wou'd grieve him,  
 We, who saw it, did believe him  
     For his own offences curst.

5 But while him our thoughts accused,  
 He for us alone was bruised,  
     Stricken, smitten for our guilt :  
 With his stripes our wounds are cured,  
 By his pains our peace assured,  
     Purchas'd with the blood he spilt.

6 Love amazing, so to mind us !  
 Shepherd come from heaven to find us  
     Silly sheep all gone astray !  
 Lost, undone by our transgressions ;  
 Worse than stript of all possessions,  
     Debtors without hope to pay.

7 Fear our portion, slaves in spirit,—  
 He redeem'd us by his merit,  
     To a glorious liberty :  
 Dearly first his goodness bought us,  
 Truth and love then sweetly taught us ;  
     Truth and love have made us free.

8 Blessed be the pow'r who gave us,  
 Freely gave his Son to save us ;  
 Bless'd the Son, who freely came :  
 Honour, blessing, adoration,  
 Ever from the whole creation  
 Be to God, and to the Lamb.

## H Y M N 323.

## E A S T E R - D A Y .

1 JESUS, who dy'd a world to save,  
 Revives, and rises from the grave,  
 By his almighty pow'r :  
 From sin, and death, and hell set free,  
 He captive leads captivity,  
 And lives to die no more.

2 Children of God, look up and see  
 Your Saviour cloth'd with majesty,  
 Triumphant o'er the tomb :  
 Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears  
 In heav'n your mansions he prepares,  
 And soon will take you home.

3 His church is still his joy and crown,  
 He looks with love and pity down  
 On her he did redeem :  
 He tastes her joys, he feels her woes,  
 And prays that she may spoil her foes,  
 And ever reign with him.



¶ O may we all from sin awake,  
 May all in heav'n our places take,  
     Near our exalted Head !  
 May all our souls to heav'n aspire,  
 In thought, in will, in strong desire,  
     To carnal pleasures dead !

## A N O T H E R.

¶ CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to day,  
 Sons of men and angels say !  
 Raise your joys and triumphs high ;  
 Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
 Fought the fight, the battle won ;  
 Lo ! our sun's eclipse is o'er,  
 Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;  
 CHRIST hath burst the gates of hell :  
 Death in vain forbids his rise ;  
 CHRIST hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King,  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting ?  
 Once he dy'd our souls to save,  
 Where thy victory, O grave !

5 Soar we now where CHRIST hath led,  
 Following our exalted Head ;  
 Made like him, like him we rise,  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 What tho' once we perish'd all,  
 Partners of our parents fall ;  
 Second life we all receive,  
 In our heav'nly Adam live.

7 Hail, the L O R D of earth and heav'n !  
 Praise to thee by both be giv'n !  
 Thee we greet triumphant now,  
 Hail, the resurrection—Thou !

8 King of glory ! soul of bliss !  
 Everlasting life is this—  
 Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove ;  
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

## H Y M N    325..

## A N O T H E R.

1 THE Sun of righteousness appears,  
 To set in blood no more !  
 Adore the scatt'rer of your fears,  
 Your rising Sun adore.

2 The saints, when he resign'd his brea  
 Unclos'd their sleeping eyes ;  
 He breaks again the bands of death,  
 Again the dead arise.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,  
 Alone the wine-pres' trod ;  
 He dy'd, and suffer'd as a man,  
 He rises as a God.

In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Forbid an early rise,  
To him who breaks the gates of hell,  
And opens Paradise.

THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION  
OF CHRIST.

**H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,  
That cloth'd himself in clay;  
Enter'd the iron gates of death,  
And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the king of dread,  
Since our IMMANUEL rose;  
He took the tyrant's sting away,  
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,  
And to his Father flies;  
With scars of honour in his flesh,  
And triumph in his eyes.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,  
To reach his blest abode;  
Sweet be the accents of our songs,  
To our incarnate God.

Bright Angels, strike your loudest strings,  
Your sweetest voices raise;  
Let heav'n, and all created things,  
Sound our IMMANUEL's praise.

## H Y M N 327.

## THE RESURRECTION.

1 PLEAS'D we read in sacred story,  
     How our LORD resum'd his breath;  
 Where, O grave's, thy conqu'ring glory?  
     Where's thy sting, thou phantom Death?  
 Soon thy jaws, restrain'd from chewing,  
     Must disgorge their ransom'd prey:  
 Man first gave thee pow'r to ruin,  
     Man too takes that pow'r away.

2 I am Alpha, says the Saviour;  
     I Omega likewise am;  
 I was dead, and live for ever,  
     God Almighty and the Lamb.  
 In the LORD is our perfection,  
     And in him our boast we'll make;  
 We shall share his resurrection,  
     If we of his death partake.

3 Ye that die without repentance,  
     Ye must rise when CHRIST appears;  
 Rise to hear your dreadful sentence,  
     While the saints rejoice in theirs:  
 You to dwell with fiends infernal,  
     They with JESUS CHRIST to reign:  
 They go into life eternal,  
     You to everlasting pain.

H Y M N 328. 307

Bold rebellion, base backsliding,  
Stop your course, reflect with dread ;  
In destruction there's no hiding ;  
Death and hell give up their dead ;  
Ev'ry sea, and lake, and river,  
Shall restore their dead to view :  
Shout for gladness, O believer,  
**CHRIST IS RIS'N**, and so shall you.

H Y M N 328.

ASCENSION.

**H**AIL the day that sees him rise,  
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !  
**C**HRIST awhile to mortals giv'n,  
Re-ascends his native heav'n :  
There the pompous triumph waits,  
Lift your heads, eternal gates !  
Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
Take the King of glory in !

Him, tho' highest heaven receives,  
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;  
Tho' returning to his throne,  
Still he calls mankind his own :  
Still for us he intercedes,  
Prevalent his death he pleads ;  
Next himself prepares our place,  
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master (may we ever say)  
 Taken from our head to-day ;  
 See thy faithful servants, see,  
 Ever gazing up to thee !  
 Grant, tho' parted from our sight,  
 High above yon azure height :  
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
 Following thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,  
 Wafted on the wings of love ;  
 Looking when our L ORD shall come,  
 Longing, gasping after home :  
 There we shall with thee remain,  
 Partners of thine endless reign ;  
 There thy face unclouded see,  
 Find our heav'n of heav'n in thee.

## H Y M N 329.

W H I T S U N D A Y.

1 JESU, we hang upon the word  
 Our longing souls have heard fr  
 thee ;  
 Be mindful of thy promise, L ORD,  
 Thy promise made to all, and me :  
 Thy followers, who thy steps pursue,  
 And dare believe that GOD is true..

**2** Thou saidst, I will the Father pray,  
 And he the Holy Ghost shall give,  
 Shall give him in your hearts to stay,  
 And never more his temples leave :  
 Myself will to my children come,  
 And make them mine eternal home.

**3** Come then, dear L ORD, thyself reveal,  
 And let thy promise now take place ;  
 Be it according to thy will,  
 According to thy word of grace :  
 Thy sorrowful disciples clear,  
 And send us down the Comforter.

**4** He visits now the troubled breast,  
 And oft relieves our sad complaint ;  
 But soon we lose the transient guest,  
 But soon we droop again, and faint :  
 Repeat the melancholy moan—  
 “ Our joy is fled, our comfort gone.”

**5** Send him, O L ORD, into each heart,  
 Our sure, inseparable guide ;  
 O might we meet, and never part ;  
 O might he in our hearts abide,  
 And keep his house of praise and pray’r,  
 And rest, and reign for ever there.



## HYMN 330.

## BREATHING AFTER THE SPIRIT.

1 Come, holy Spirit, heav'ly Dove,  
   With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;  
   Kindle a flame of sacred love  
   In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,  
   Fond of these earthly toys ;  
   Our souls, how heavily they go,  
   To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
   In vain we strive to rise ;  
   Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
   And our devotion dies.

4 Dear LORD, and shall we ever live  
   At this poor dying rate ?  
   Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
   And thine to us so great ?

5 Come, holy Spirit, heav'ly Dove,  
   With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;  
   Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
   And that shall kindle ours.



## H Y M N 331.     J O H N xvii. 24.

1 **O** For a sweet inspiring ray,  
   To animate our feeble strains,  
   From the bright realms of endless day,  
   The blissful realms where Jesus reigns !

2 There low before his glorious throne  
   Adoring saints and angels fall,  
   And with delightful worship own  
   His smile their blis, their heav'n, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,  
   While tuneful hallelujahs rise,  
   And love, and joy, and triumph spread  
   Thro' all th' assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs  
   To boundless rapture while they gaze ;  
   Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues  
   Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the ransom'd of the Lamb  
   Shall join at last the heav'nly choir ;  
   O may the joy-inspiring theme  
   Awake our faith, and warm desire !

6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal  
   Our interest in that blissful place ;  
   Till death remove this mortal veil,  
   And we behold thy lovely face.

H Y M N . 332.  
TO THE TRINITY.

- 1 PRAISE be to the Father giv'n,  
CHRIST he gave us to save,  
Now the heirs of heav'n.
- 2 Pay we equal adoration  
To the Son, he alone  
Wrought out our salvation.
- 3 Glory to th' Eternal Spirit,  
Us he seals, CHRIST reveals,  
And applies his merit.
- 4 Worship, honour, thanks and blessing,  
One in three, give we thee,  
Never, never ceasing.

## H Y M N . 333.

## THE BENEFIT OF AFFLICTIONS.

- 1 THY people LORD, have ever found  
'Tis good to bear thy rod;  
Afflictions make us learn thy law,  
And live upon our GOD.
- 2 This is the comfort we enjoy,  
When new distres begins;  
We read thy word, we run thy way,  
And hate our former sins.

H Y M N    334.      313

3 Thy judgments, LORD, are always right,  
Tho' they may seem severe ;  
The sharpest suff'rings we endure  
Flow from thy faithful care.

4 Before we knew thy chaff'ning rod,  
Our feet were apt to stray ;  
But now we learn to keep thy word,  
Nor wander from thy way.

H Y M N    334.

T H E   N A T I V I T Y.

1 HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour  
comes,  
The Saviour promis'd long !  
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,  
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,  
Exerts its sacred fire ;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal, and love,  
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the pris'ners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

## 314 H Y M N 335

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
     To clear the mental ray ;  
     And on the eye-balls of the blind  
     To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind  
     The bleeding soul to cure ;  
     And with the riches of his grace,  
     T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,  
     Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
     And heav'n's eternal arches ring  
     With thy beloved name.

## H Y M N 335. ANOTHER

1 **H**ARK ! the herald-angels sing,  
     “ Glory to the new-born King ;  
     “ Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;  
     “ God and sinners reconcil'd.”  
     Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
     Join the triumphs of the skies,  
     With th' angelic host proclaim,  
     “ CHRIST is born in Bethlehem.”

2 **C**HRIST, by highest heav'n ador'd;  
     CHRIST the everlasting LORD ;  
     Late in time behold him come,  
     Offspring of a virgin's womb :

Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see,  
Hail th' incarnate Deity !  
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,  
JESUS, our IMMANUEL here.

3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of peace ;  
Hail, the Sun of righteousness !  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Ris'n with healing in his wings :  
Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born, that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

4 Come, Desire of nations, come,  
Fix us in thy humble home ;  
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent's head :  
Adam's likeness now efface,  
Stamp thine image in its place ;  
Second Adam from above,  
Re-instate us in thy love.

## H Y M N 336. THE SAME.

■ **W**HAT good news the angels bring !  
What glad tidings of our King  
CHRIST the LORD is born to-day,  
CHRIST who takes our sins away :

Him who rules in heav'n and earth,  
Hath in Bethlehem his birth ;  
Him shall all his people see,  
And rejoice eternally.

2 Lift your hearts and voices high,  
With hosannas fill the sky ;  
“ Glory be to God above,”  
God is infinite in love :  
“ Peace on earth, good-will to men !”  
Now with us our God is seen :  
Angels, join with us in praise !  
Help to sing redeeming grace.

3 Now the wall is broken down,  
Now the gospel is made known ;  
Now the door is open'd wide,  
CHRIST for Jew and Gentile dy'd.  
All who feel the weight of sin,  
All who languish to be clean ;  
All who for redemption groan,  
May be sav'd by faith alone.

4 JESUS is the lovely name,  
This the angel doth proclaim ;  
He shall all his people save,  
They in him remission have :  
When they see themselves undone,  
They take refuge in the Son ;  
They shall all be born again,  
And with him in glory reign.

5 Shout, ye nations of the earth,  
 Sing the triumphs of his birth ;  
 All the world by him is blest,  
 Sound his praise from east to west :  
 Jews and Gentiles jointly sing,  
**CHRIST** our common **LORD** and King ;  
**CHRIST** our life, our joy, our song,  
 To eternity prolong.

## H Y M N 337. THE SAME.

1 **C**OME, thou long expected JESUS !  
 Born to set thy people free ;  
 From our fears and sins release us,  
 Let us find our rest in thee !  
 Israel's strength and consolation,  
 Hope of all the earth thou art ;  
 Dear Desire of ev'ry nation,  
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart !

2 Born thy people to deliver,  
 Born a Child, and yet a King ;  
 Born to reign in us for ever,  
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring !  
 By thine own eternal Spirit  
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

## H Y M N 338.

- 1 Sovereign grace has power alone  
To subdue a heart of stone ;  
And the moment grace is felt,  
Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When the L ORD was crucify'd,  
Two transgressors with him dy'd ;  
One with vile blaspheming tongue  
Scoff'd at JESUS as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath  
In the very jaws of death ;  
Perish'd, as too many do,  
With the Saviour in his view.
- 4 But the other, touch'd with grace,  
Saw the danger of his case ;  
Faith receiv'd to own the L ORD,  
Whom the Scribes and Priests abhor'd.
- 5 " L ORD, he pray'd—remember me,  
" When in glory thou shalt be ;"  
" Soon with me, the L ORD replies,  
" Thou shalt be in Paradise."
- 6 This was wondrous grace indeed,  
Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need.  
Sinners, trust in JESU's name,  
You shall find him still the same.
- 7 But beware of unbelief,  
Think upon the harden'd thief :  
If the gospel you disdain,  
CHRIST to you will die in vain.

## H Y M N 339.

## SICKNESS, OR DIVINE CORRECTION.

1 How happy the sorrowful man,  
   Whose sorrow is sent from above !  
 Indulg'd with a visit of pain,  
   Chastis'd by omnipotent love :  
 The Author of all his distress,  
   He comes by affliction to know ;  
 And God he in heaven shall bless  
   That ever he suffer'd below.

2 Thus, thus may I happily grieve,  
   And hear the intent of his rod,  
 The marks of adoption receive,  
   The strokes of a merciful God ;  
 With nearer access to his throne,  
   My burden of folly confess,  
 The cause of my miseries own,  
   And cry for an answer of peace.

3 O Father of mercies, on me,  
   On me in affliction bestow.  
 A pow'r of applying to thee,  
   A sanctify'd use of my wo :  
 I would in a Spirit of prayer  
   To all thy appointments submit ;  
 The pledge of my happiness bear,  
   And joyfully die at thy feet.

4 Then, Father, and never till then,  
 I all the felicity prove,  
 Of living a moment in pain,  
 Of dying in Jesus's love :  
 A sufferer here with my Lord,  
 With Jesus above I sit down,  
 Receive an eternal reward,  
 And glory obtain in a crown.

## H Y M N 340.

## A F U N E R A L H Y M N.

1 **A**H ! lovely appearance of death,  
 No sight upon earth is so fair ;  
 Not all the gay pageants that 'breathe,  
 Can with a dead body compare ;  
 With solemn delight I survey  
 The corps when the spirit is fled,  
 In love with the beautiful clay,  
 And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How blest is our brother, bereft  
 Of all that could burden his mind ;  
 How easy the soul that hath left  
 The wearisome body behind !  
 Of evil incapable thou,  
 Whose relics with envy I see ;  
 No longer in misery now,  
 No longer a sinner like me.

1 This earth is affected no more  
   With sickness, or shaken with pain ;  
   The war in the members is o'er,  
   And never shall vex him again :  
   No anger henceforward, or shame,  
   Shall redden this innocent clay,  
   Extinct is the animal flame,  
   And passion is vanish'd away.

4 This languishing head is at rest,  
   Its thinking and aching are o'er ;  
   This quiet immoveable breast  
   Is heav'd by affliction no more ;  
   This heart is no longer the seat  
   Of trouble and torturing pain ;  
   It ceases to flutter and beat,  
   It never shall flutter again.

5 The lids he so seldom could close,  
   By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
   Seal'd up in eternal repose,  
   Have strangely forgotten to weep :  
   The fountains can yield no supplies,  
   These hollows from water are free ;  
   The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,  
   And evil they never shall see.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,  
   While bound in a prison I breathe ;  
   And still for deliverance pine,  
   And press to the issues of death :

What now with my tears I bedew,  
 O might I this moment become;  
 My spirit created anew,  
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

H Y M N 341. ANOTHER.

1 H OSSANNA to JESUS on high!  
 Another has enter'd his rest;  
 Another has 'scap'd to the sky,  
 And lodg'd in IMMANUEL's breast;  
 The soul of our brother is gone  
 To heighten the triumph above;  
 Exalted to JESUS's throne!  
 Exalted by JESUS's love!

2 How happy the angels that fall  
 Transported at JESUS's name!  
 The saints, whom he soonest shall call,  
 To share in the feast of the Lamb!  
 No longer imprison'd in clay,  
 Who next from this dungeon shall fly?  
 Who first shall be summon'd away?  
 My merciful GOD!—Is it I?

3 O JESUS, if this be thy will,  
 That suddenly I should depart,  
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,  
 And whisper the call to my heart:

O give me a signal to know  
 If soon thou wou'dst have me remove,  
 And leave the dull body below,  
 And fly to the regions of love.

## ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG PERSON.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away  
 By death's resistless hand,  
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay  
 Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
 O may this truth, imprest  
 With awful pow'r—I too must die—  
 Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more ;  
 Behold the gaping tomb !  
 It bid's us seize the present hour,  
 To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene,  
 May ev'ry heart obey ;  
 Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,  
 Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
   Whose pow'rful arm can save ;  
   Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
   And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,  
   With cleansing, healing power ;  
   This only can prepare the heart  
   For death's surprising hour.

## H Y M N 343.

## REMEMBERING OUR LATTER END.

1 Now in the heat of youthful blood,  
   Remember your Creator, God ;  
   Behold, the months come hast'ning on,  
   When you shall say, My joys are gone.

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,  
   Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
   Down to the regions of the dead  
   With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again ;  
   The soul in agonies of pain.  
   Ascends to God ; not there to dwell,  
   But hears her doom and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King ! I fear thy name ;  
   Teach me to know how frail I am ;  
   And when my soul must hence remove,  
   Give me a mansion in thy love.

## H Y M N 344

A N O T H E R.

1 AND let this feeble body fail;  
 And let it faint or die :  
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
 And soar to worlds on high :  
 Shall join the disembody'd saints,  
 And find its long-sought rest,  
 That only bliss for which it pants,  
 In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,  
 I now the cross sustain,  
 And gladly wander up and down,  
 And smile at toil and pain...  
 I suffer on my threescore years,  
 Till my deliv'rer come,  
 And wipe away his servant's tears,  
 And take his exile home.

3 O what hath JESUS bought for me !  
 Before my ravish'd eyes  
 Rivers of life divine I see,  
 And trees of Paradise :  
 I see a world of spirits bright,  
 Who taste the pleasures there ;  
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,  
 And conqu'ring palms they bear

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,  
 If, L ORD, thou count me meet,  
 With that enraptur'd host t' appear,  
 And worship at thy feet !  
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
 Take life and friends away !  
 But let me find them all again  
 In that eternal day !

## H Y M N 345.

## LIFE AND ETERNITY.

1 T HEE we adore, eternal Name ;  
 And humbly own to thee  
 How feeble is our mortal frame,  
 What dying worms we be !

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
 As months and days increafe,  
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,  
 Leaves one the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
 The breath that first it gave ;  
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
 We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground  
 To push us to the tomb ;  
 And fierce diseases wait around  
 To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God ! on what a slender thread,  
Hang everlasting things ;  
Th' eternal states of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe  
Attend on ev'ry breath ;  
And yet how unconcern'd we go  
Upon the brink of death.

7 Waken, O LORD, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dang'rous road ;  
And if our souls are hurry'd hence  
May they be found with God.

DEATH AND GLORY.

1 MY soul, come meditate the day,  
And think how near it stands,  
When thou must quit this house of clay,  
And fly to unknown lands.

2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view  
The hollow gaping tomb ;  
This gloomy prison waits for you,  
Whene'er the summons come.

3 O ! could we die with those that die,  
And place us in their stead ;  
Then would our spirits learn to fly,  
And converse with the dead.

4 Then shoud we see the saints above  
     In their own glorious forms,  
     And wonder why our souls shoud leave  
         To dwell with mortal worms.

5 How shoud we scorn these clothes of flesh,  
     These fetters, and this load ;  
     And long for ev'ning to undress,  
         That we may rest with GOD.

6 We shoud almoſt forſake our clay,  
     Before the ſummons come,  
     And pray, and wish our souls away  
         To their eternal home.

1 IN a world of ſin and sorrow,  
     Compafs'd round with many a care,  
     From eternity we borrow—  
         Hope, that can exclude despair :—  
     Thee, triumphant GOD and SAVIOUR !  
         In the glafs of faith we fee ;  
     O assist each faint endeavour ;  
     Raise our earth-born souls to thee.

2 Place that awful ſcene before us,  
     Of the laſt tremendous day ;  
     When to life thou ſhalt restore us,  
         Ling'ring ages, haſte away !

Then this vile and sinful nature  
 Incorruption shall put on ;  
 Life renewing, glorious Saviour !  
 Let thy gracious will be done.

## H Y M N 348.

## ON THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

1 'Tis finish'd, 'tis done !  
 The spirit is fled,  
 The pris'ner is gone,  
 The christian is dead :  
 The christian is living  
 Thro' JESUS his love,  
 And gladly receiving  
 A kingdom above.

2 All honour and praise  
 Is JESUS's due ;  
 Supported by grace,  
 He fought his way thro'  
 Triumphantly glorious,  
 Thro' JESUS's zeal,  
 And more than victorious  
 O'er sin, death and hell.

3 Then let us record  
 The conquering name,  
 Our Captain and LORD  
 With shoutings proclaim :

Who trust in his passion,  
And follow our Head,  
To certain salvation  
We all shall be led.

4 O JESUS, lead on  
Thy militant care,  
And give us the crown  
Of righteousness there :  
Where dazzled with glory  
The seraphim gaze,  
Or prostrate adore thee  
In silence of praise.

5 Come, LORD, and display  
Thy sign in the sky,  
And bear us away  
To mansions on high :  
The kingdom be giv'n,  
The purchase divine,  
And crown us in heav'n  
Eternally thine.

## H Y M N 349

## THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

¶ H E comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe,  
The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;  
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,  
He's welcome to the faithful soul ;  
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
Welcome to the faithful soul.

2 From heav'n angelic voices found,  
 See th' almighty JESUS crown'd!  
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
 And glory decks the Saviour's face;  
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
 Glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,  
 He claims the kingdoms as his own;  
 The kingdoms all obey his word,  
 And hail him their triumphant LORD;  
 Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,  
 Hail him their triumphant LORD.

4 Shout all the people of the sky,  
 And all the saints of the most High:  
 Our GOD, who now his right obtains,  
 For ever, and for ever reigns,  
 Ever, ever, ever,  
 Ever, and for ever reigns.

5 The Father praise, the Son adore,  
 The Spirit bless for evermore:  
 Salvation's glorious work is done,  
 We welcome the great Three in One;  
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
 Welcome the great Three in One.



## H Y M N 350.

## J U D G M E N T.

1 LO ! he cometh, countless trumpets  
     Blow before the bloody sign ;  
     'Midst ten thousand saints and angels,  
         See the Crucified shine.  
             Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
             Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb !

2 Now his merit by the harpers  
     Thro' th' eternal deep resounds ;  
     Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,  
         Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds :  
             They who pierc'd him, they who  
                 pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him,  
             Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,  
     Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;  
     All who hate him, must, ashamed,  
         Hear the trump proclaim the day :  
             Come to judgment, come to judg-  
                 ment, come to judgment,  
             Stand before the Son of man.

4 Saints who love him, view his glory,  
     Shining in his bruised face,  
     His dear person on the rainbow,  
         Now his peoples head shall raise :  
             Happy mourners, happy mourners,  
                 happy mourners,  
             Lo ! in clouds, he comes, he comes !

**5** Now redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn pomp appear ;  
 All his people, once rejected,  
 Now shall meet him in the air :  
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
 Now the promis'd kingdom's come.

**6** View him smiling, now determin'd  
 Ev'ry evil to destroy ;  
 All the nations now shall sing him  
 Songs of everlasting joy :  
 O come quickly, O come quickly,  
 O come quickly,  
 Hallelujah ! come, **LORD, come.**

## THE LAST JUDGMENT.

**1** **L**O ! He comes with clouds descending  
 Once for favour'd sinners slain !  
 Thousand thousand saints attending,  
 Swell the triumph of his train :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Hallelujah ! Amen.

**2** Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,  
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;  
 Those who set at nought and sold him,  
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the true **MESIAH** see.

~~3 Ev'ry Island, sea, and mountain,  
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;  
All who hate him, must confounded.  
Hear the trump proclaim the day;  
Come to judgment !  
Come to judgment ! come away!~~

~~4 Now Redemption, long expected,  
See ! in solemn pomp appear !  
All his saints by man rejected,  
Now shall meet him in the air !  
Hallelujah !  
See the day of God appear !~~

~~5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit  
Hasten, LOR D, the gen'ral doom !  
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,  
Take thy pining exiles home :  
All creation  
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come !~~

~~6 Yea ! Amen ! Let all adore Thee,  
High on thi e'ternal Throne !  
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory :  
Claim the kingdom for thine own !  
O come quickly,  
Hallelujah ! come, LOR D, come !~~



~~X~~ H Y M N 352.  
THE JUBILEE.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

2 Exalt the Son of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb ;  
Redemption in his blood  
To all the world proclaim :  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

3 Ye, who have sold for nought  
Your heritage above ;  
Come, take it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesu's love :  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

4 The gospel-trumpet sounds ;  
Let all the nations hear,  
And earth's remotest bounds  
Before the throne appear :  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !



## H Y M N 353.

1 I Ask'd the L ORD that I might grow  
     In faith and love, and ev'ry grace;  
     Might more of his salvation know,  
     And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray;  
     And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r;  
     But it has been in such a way  
     As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,  
     At once, he'd grant me my request,  
     And by his love's constraining pow'r  
     Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel  
     The hidden evils of my heart,  
     And let the angry pow'rs of hell  
     Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd  
     Intent to aggravate my woe,  
     Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,  
     Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 L ORD ! why is this ? I trembling cry'd :  
     Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ?  
     'Tis in this way, the L ORD reply'd,  
     I answer pray'r for grace and faith.

7 These inward trials I employ  
 From self and pride to set thee free,  
 And break thy schemes of worldly joy,  
 That thou may'st seek thy all in me.

## H Y M N 354

## JOY IN THE L O R D.

- 1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow  
 In nature's barren soil ;  
 All we can boast till CHRIST we know,  
 Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But when the L O R D has planted grace,  
 And made his glories known,  
 There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace  
 Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,  
 A sense of pard'ning love,  
 A hope that triumphs over death,  
 Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the vail,  
 To know that God is mine,  
 Are springs of joy that never fail,  
 Unspeakable, divine.
- 5 These are the joys that satisfy,  
 And sanctify the mind ;  
 That make the Spirit mount on high,  
 And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,  
 But if you are the L O R D ' s ,  
 Resign to them who know him not  
 Such joys as earth affords.

## H Y M N . 355.

## S A T U R D A Y E V E N I N G .

1 **S**AFLY thro' another week  
 God has brought us on our way,  
 Let us now a blessing seek  
 On th' approaching sabbath-day :  
 Day of all the week the best,  
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiply'd each hour  
 Thro' the week our praise demand ;  
 Guarded by almighty pow'r,  
 Fed and guarded by his hand :  
 Tho' ungrateful we have been,  
 Only made returns of sin.

3 While we pray for pard'ning grace  
 In the dear Redeemer's name,  
 Show thy reconciled face,  
 Shine away our sin and shame :  
 From our worldly cares set free,  
 May we rest this night with thee.

4 When the morn shall bid us raise,  
     May we feel thy presence near,  
     May thy glory meet our eyes,  
     When we in thy house appear ;  
     There afford us, L O R D , a taste  
     Of our everlasting feast.

5 May the gospel's joyful sound  
     Conquer sinners, comfort saints,  
     Make the fruits of grace abound,  
     Bring relief for all our wants :  
     Thus let all our sabbaths prove,  
     Till we join the church above.

## H Y M N . 356.

## THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

1 THE church a garden is  
     In which believers stand,  
     Like ornamental trees  
     Planted by God's own hand  
     His Spirit waters all their roots,  
     And ev'ry branch abounds with fruits.

2 But other trees there are  
     In this inclosure grow,  
     Which tho' they promise fair,  
     Have only leaves to show ;  
     No fruits of grace are on them found,  
     They are but cumb'rers of the ground.

3 The under-gard'ner grieves,  
In vain his strength he spends,  
For heaps of useless leaves  
Afford him small amends :  
He hears the L O R D his will make known,  
To cut the barren fig-tree down.

4 How difficult his post !  
What pangs his bowels move !  
To find his wishes crost,  
His efforts useless prove :  
His last relief is earnest pray'r,  
L O R D spare them yet another year.

5 Spare them, and let me try.  
What further means may do ;  
I'll fresh manure apply,  
My digging I'll renew :  
Who knows, but yet they fruit may yield,  
If not—'tis just they must be fell'd.

6 If under means of grace  
No means of grace appear,  
It is a dreadful case,  
Tho' God may long forbear ;  
At length he'll strike the threat'ned blow,  
And lay the barren fig-tree low



## HYMN 357.

## THE BURDEN'D SINNER.

1 **A**H! what can I do,  
Or how be secure,  
If justice pursue,  
What heart can endure?  
When God speaks in thunder,  
And makes himself known,  
The heart breaks asunder,  
Tho' harder than stone?

2 With terror I read  
My sins heavy score,  
Their number exceeds  
The sands on the shore.  
Guilt makes me unable  
To stand or to flee;  
So Cain murder'd Abel,  
And trembled like me.

3 Each sin, like his blood,  
With terrible cry  
Calls loud upon God,  
To strike from on high.  
Nor can my repentance,  
Extorted by fear,  
Reverse the just sentence  
'Tis just, tho' severe.

4 The case is too plain,  
I have my own choice,  
Again and again,  
I slighted his voice.  
His warnings neglected,  
His patience abus'd,  
His gospel rejected,  
His mercy refus'd.

5 And must I then go  
For ever to dwell  
In mis'ry and wo  
With devils in hell !  
O where is the Saviour  
I scorn'd in time past ?  
His word in my favour  
Would save me at last.

6 LORD JESUS ! on thee  
I venture to call,  
O look upon me  
The vilest of all :  
For whom didst thou languish  
And bleed on the tree ?  
O pity my anguish,  
And say, " 'twas for thee."

7 A cause such as mine  
Will honour thy pow'r,  
All hell will repine,  
All heav'n will adore.

If in condemnation  
 Strict justice takes place,  
 It shines in salvation,  
 More glorious thro' grace.

## H Y M N 358. H E A V E N.

- 1 THERE is a land of living joy,  
 Beyond the utmost skies,  
 Where scenes of bliss without alloy,  
 In boundless prospects rise.
- 2 High-seated on a blazing throne  
 Th' eternal God appears,  
 Puts all his smiling glories on,  
 And awes at once, and cheers.
- 3 The slaughter'd Lamb at his right hand  
 Assumes his royal seat,  
 Adoring angels round him stand,  
 His ministers of state.
- 4 Each breast with strong devotion glows,  
 Love ev'ry heart inspires,  
 While God's own Spirit gently blows,  
 And fans these holy fires.
- 5 In strains celestial, ev'ry tongue  
 Shall God's high praise proclaim :  
 And all in concert join the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

6 The hallelujahs once begun,  
     No pause or end shall know ;  
     But joy and harmony in one  
         Perpetual transport flow.

7 A constant bloom in ev'ry face,  
     Shall age and death defy ;  
     And sin and hell far from the place  
         In wild confusion fly.

## H Y M N 359.

## A PROSPECT OF THE RESURRECTION.

1 How long shall Death the tyrant reign,  
     And triumph o'er the just ;  
     While the rich blood of martyrs slain  
         Lies mingled with the dust ?

2 Lo, I behold the scatter'd shades,  
     The dawn of heav'n appears,  
     The sweet immortal morning spreads  
         Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I see the LORD of glory come,  
     And flaming guards around,  
     The skies divide to make him room,  
         The trumpet shakes the ground.

4 I hear the voice, "YE DEAD ARISE ;"  
     And lo, the graves obey ;  
     And waking saints with joyful eyes  
         Salute th' expected day.

H Y M N . 360. 345.

5 They leave the dust, and on the wing  
Rise to the mid-way air,  
In shining garments meet their King,  
And low adore him there.

6 O may our humble spirits stand  
Among them cloth'd in white !  
The meanest place at his right hand  
Is infinite delight.

7 How will our joy and wonder rise,  
When our returning King  
~~Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies,~~  
On love's triumphant wing !

*shall welcome us unto the life*

H Y M N . 360.

X THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

1 COME, LORD, and warm each languid  
heart,  
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;  
And let the joys of heaven impart  
Their influence to our song.

2 Then to the shining seats of bliss,  
The wings of faith shall soar,  
And all the charms of paradise  
Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

3 Pleasures unfully'd flourish there,  
     Beyond the reach of time ;  
     Not blooming Eden smil'd so fair  
         In all her flow'ry prime.

4 Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care  
     And discord their shall cease ;  
     And perfect joy and love sincere  
         Adorn the realms of peace.

5 The soul, from sin for ever free,  
     Shall mourn its pow'r no more ;  
     But cloth'd in spotless purity,  
         Redeeming love adore.

6 There shall the followers of the Lamb  
     Join in immortal songs ;  
     And endles honours to his name  
         Employ their tuneful tongues.

7 LORD, tune our hearts to praise & love  
     Our feeble notes inspire ;  
     Till in thy blissful courts above  
         We join th' angelic choir.

## H Y M N 361.

## THE HAPPINESS OF BEING WITH CHRIST.

1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,  
     And view the scene on either hand,  
     My spirit struggles with my clay,  
         And longs to wing its flight away.

- 2 Where Jesus dwells my soul wou'd be,  
And faints my much-lov'd Lord to see;  
Earth, twine no more about my heart,  
Eor 'tis far better to depart.
- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,  
And lead the willing pilgrim home;  
Ye know the way to Jesu's throne,  
Source of my joys, and of your own..
- 4 That blissful interview, how sweet!  
To fall transported at his feet!  
Rais'd in his arms, to view his face,  
Thro' the full bearings of his grace!
- 5 As with a Seraph's voice to sing!  
To fly as on a Cherub's wing!  
Performing with unwear'y'd hands  
The present Saviour's high commands.
- 6 Yet with these prospects full in sight,  
We'll wait thy signal for the flight;  
For while thy service we pursue,  
We find a heaven begun below..

SALVATION APPROACHING. Rom. xiii. 11.

- 1 A wake, ye saints, and lift your eyes,  
And raise your voices high,  
Awake, and praise that Sov'reign love  
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies ;  
   Each moment brings it near ;  
   Then welcome each declining day,  
   And each revolving year.

3 Not many years their round shall run,  
   Nor many mornings rise,  
   Ere all its glories stand reveal'd  
   To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;  
   Ye mortal powers, decay ;  
   Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
   Ye bring eternal day.

## H Y M N. 363.

THE PROSPECT OF HEAVEN MAKES  
DEATH EASY.

1 **T**HERR is a land of pure delight,  
   Where saints immortal reign ;  
   Infinite day excludes the night,  
   And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
   And never-fading flowers ;  
   Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
   This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
   Stand dres'd in living green ;  
   So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
   While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But fearful mortals start and shrink  
    To cross this narrow sea ;  
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,  
    And fear to launch away.

5 O ! cou'd we make our doubts remove,  
    Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
    With unclouded eyes !

6 Cou'd we but climb where Moses stood,  
    And view the landskip o'er,  
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold  
    flood.  
Shou'd fright us from the shore.

T H E P A S S I N G B E L L.

1 O FT as the bell with solemn toll  
    Speaks the departure of a soul,  
Let each one ask himself, Am I  
    Prepar'd; should I be call'd to die ?

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath  
    Preserves me from the jaws of death,  
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,  
    And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then leaving all I love below,  
    To God's tribunal I must go ;  
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,  
    And fix my everlasting state.

4 But could I bear to hear him say,  
 " DEPART, ACCURSED, far away ;  
 With devils in the lowest hell  
 Thou art for ever doom'd to dwell."

5 LORD JESUS ! help me now to flee,  
 And seek my hope alone in thee ;  
 Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,  
 Subdue my fins, and in me live.

6 Then when the solemn bell I hear,  
 If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear :  
 Nor would the thought distressing be,  
 Perhaps it next may toll for me.

7 Rather my spirit would rejoice,  
 And wait impatient for thy voice ;  
 Glad when it bids me earth resign,  
 Secure of heaven, if thou art mine.

## H Y M N 365.

## BEFORE SERMON.

1 Does it not grief and wonder move  
 To think of Israel's dreadful fall,  
 Who needed miracles to prove  
 Whether the LORD were God, or Baal !

2 Methinks I see Elijah stand,  
 His features glow with love and zeal ;  
 In faith and prayer he lifts his hand,  
 And makes to heav'n his great appeal.

3 " O God ! if I thy servant am,  
If 'tis thy message fills my heart ;  
Now glorify thy holy name :  
And shew this people who thou art."

4 He spoke, and lo, a sudden flame  
Consum'd the wood, the dust, the stone.  
The people struck, at once proclaim,  
" The L ORD is G od, the L ORD alone."

5 Like him we mourn an awful day,  
When more for Baal than G od appear ;  
Like him, believers, let us pray,  
And may the G od of Israel hear.

6 L ORD ! If thy servant speaks thy truth,  
If he indeed is sent by thee ;  
Confirm the word to all our youth,  
And let them thy salvation see.

7 Now may thy Spirit's holy fire  
Pierce ev'ry heart that hears thy word,  
Consume each hurtful vain desire,  
And make them know thou art the L ORD.

## H Y M N 366.

## ON TAKING A MEMBER INTO SOCIETY.

1 WELCOME, thou well-belov'd of  
G od,  
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood ;

Welcome with us thine hand to join,  
As partner of our lot divine :

Blessings abundant from above,  
Give him, we pray, Thou God of Love.

- 2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace ;  
We're trav'ling to a blissful place,  
The new Jerusalem above,  
The radiant throne, the seat of love.  
The holy Ghost that knows the way,  
Conduct thee on from day to day !
- 3 The staff of promise now receive,  
Thy weary footsteps to relieve,  
The chief support the trav'ler knows,  
Leaning on which he forward goes.  
Thus if for rest thy spirits call,  
Leaning on this thou can't not fall.
- 4 With peace, with ceaseless peace be shod,  
The shoes of peace receive of God ;  
These keep from pain the pilgrim's feet,  
And make the rugged way seem sweet.  
So Sion's paths shall ever prove  
The paths of joy, and peace, and love.
- 5 Thus onward move with upright pace ;  
Stedfast pursue the gospel-race :  
Fill'd with the pow'r of truth divine,  
Prove all the strength of Jesus thine.  
Commission'd angels soon shall come,  
And waft thee to thy wish'd-for home.



## H Y M N 367.

## U P O N G O I N G F O R T H T O P R E A C H .

- 1 FORTH in thy strength, O LORD, we go,  
Thy gospel to proclaim;  
Thine only righteousness to shew,  
And glorify thy name.
- 2 Vouchsafe thine aid to speak thy word  
In this appointed hour!  
Attend it with thy Spirit, LORD,  
And let it come with pow'r.
- 3 Open the hearts of all that hear,  
To make their Saviour room:  
Now let me find redemption near,  
Let faith by hearing come.
- 4 Give them to hear the word as thine,  
And while they thus receive,  
Prove it the saving pow'r divine,  
To sinners that believe.

## H Y M N 368.

## A F T E R R E T U R N I N G F R O M P R E A C H I N G .

- 1 G LORY to thee our CHRIST be giv'n,  
For this thy gospel word,  
Thanks for the news reveal'd from heav'n,  
S A L V A T I O N f r o m t h e L O R D .

2 Glory to thy great name alone,  
     That life and pow'r imparts ;  
     Now, LORD, thy gospel-message own,  
     And graft it on their hearts.

3 Now let them feel the tidings true ;  
     Grant to thy word success ;  
     Water it with thy heav'nly dew,  
     And give the wish'd increase.

4 Savour of life ! O let it prove,  
     And shew their sins forgiv'n !  
     Give them that faith which works by love,  
     Which sweetly leads to heav'n.

## H Y M N 369.

## TO THE TRINITY.

1 Let God the FATHER live  
     For ever on our tongues,  
     Sinners from his free love derive  
     The ground of all their songs.

2 Ye saints, employ your breath  
     In honour to the SON ;  
     Who bought your souls from hell and  
         death,  
     By off'ring up his own.

3 Give to the SPIRIT praise  
     Of an immortal strain ;  
     Whose light and pow'r, and grace conveys  
         Salvation down to men.

4 While God the COMFORTER  
 Reveals our pardon'd sin,  
 O may the blood and water bear  
 The same record within !

5 To the great ONE and THREE,  
 That seal the grace in heav'n,  
 The FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, be  
 Eternal glory giv'n.

## H Y M N 370.

## X AT MEETING.

1 BLESSED by Jesu's providence,  
 Lo ! we meet again in peace :  
 May we, when we fly from hence,  
 Meet in a more glorious place !

2 When we once shall there arrive,  
 Ever happy we shall reign ;  
 Ever with our Saviour live,  
 'Midst a host of perfect men.

3 There shall sorrow not intrude,  
 Grief shall never there appear :  
 Wash'd in our Redeemer's blood,  
 We shall stand, made free from fear.

4 Come, dear fellows, joyful, come ;  
 Forward boldly let us press ;  
 Humbly let our souls presume,  
 Trust in Jesu's righteousness.

5 Pray we for the promis'd hour,  
     When the family compleat,  
     Borne on clouds, and girt with pow'r,  
     In the house above shall meet.

6 Master, hasten on thy day !  
     Glorious to thy judgment come !  
     Call thy trav'ling saints away ;  
     LORD, we long to be at home.

## H Y M N 371.

## X AT PARTING.

1 BLESSED be the dear uniting love,  
     That will not let us part ;  
     Our bodies may far off remove,  
     We still are join'd in heart.

2 JOIN'D in one Spirit to our Head,  
     Where he appoints we go,  
     And still in JESU's footsteps tread,  
     And do his work below.

3 O let us ever walk in him,  
     And nothing know beside ;  
     Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
     But JESUS crucify'd.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave  
     To his belov'd embrace,  
     Expect his fulness to receive,  
     And grace to answer grace.

H Y M M      372.      357

; Thus let us hasten to the day  
Which shall our flesh restore,  
When death shall all be done away,  
And bodies part no more.

H Y M N      372.

FOR MINISTERS AT MEETING.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, welcome, blessed servant,  
Messenger of Jesu's grace !  
O how beautiful the feet of  
Him that brings good news of peace !  
All hail, herald, &c.  
Priest of God, thy people's joy.
- 2 Saviour bless his message to us,  
Give us hearts to hear the sound  
Of redemption, dearly purchas'd  
By thy death and precious wound.  
O reveal it, &c.  
To our poor and helpless souls.
- 3 Give reward of grace and glory,  
To thy faithful labourer dear,  
Let the incense of our hearts be  
Offer'd up in faith and prayer.  
Bless, O bless him, &c.  
Now, henceforth, for evermore.



## H Y M N 373.

## FOR MINISTERS AT PARTING.

- 1 **W**ITH all thy pow'r, O **LORD**, defend  
Him whom we now to I hee com-  
mend ;  
Our faithful minister secure,  
And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace ;  
Give to his footsteps paths of peace ;  
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil ;  
Preserve him, **LORD**, from ev'ry ill.
- 3 Before his face protection send ;  
O love him, save him to the end :  
Nor let him as thy pilgrim rove,  
Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, enflame, and fill his heart  
In him thy mighty power exert ;  
That thousands yet unborn may praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.

## H Y M N 374. DISMISSION.

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us each, thy love posseffing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace :  
O refresh us, &c.  
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration  
     For thy gospel's joyful sound :  
     May the fruits of thy salvation  
         In our hearts and lives abound !  
             Ever faithful, &c.  
     To the truth may we be found !

3 So whene'er the signal's given  
     Us from earth to call away,  
     Borne on Angel's wing to heaven,  
         Glad the summons to obey,  
             May we ever, &c.  
     Reign with CHRIST in endless day !



## D O X O L O G I E S.

## I.

**T**O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
     Thanks, praise, and glory be ;  
     As was, and is, and shall be still  
         To all eternity.

## II.

To God in persons Three,  
     All glory be therefore ;  
     As in beginning was, is now,  
         And shall be evermore.

## III.

To FATHER, Son, and HOLY GHOST,  
 Be prasse amidst the heav'nly host;  
 And in the church below;  
 From whom all creatures drew their breath,  
 By whom redemption bleis'd the earth,  
 From whom all comforts flow.

## IV.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
 Praise him, all creatures here below;  
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;  
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

## V.

Sing we to our God above  
 Praise eternal as his love;  
 Praise him, all ye heav'nly host;  
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

F I N I S.



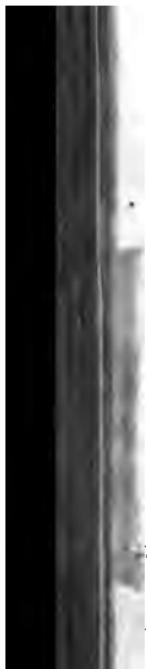




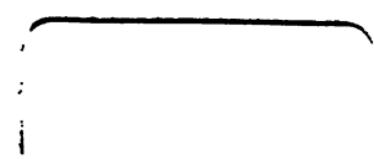
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